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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	357	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Theatre Revisited. By Max Beerbohm	368	The Variation of Latitude. By W. W. Watts, Secretary to the Geological Society	373
Mr. Balfour's Pallium	360	Poor Wagner and Strauss. By John F. Runciman	369	Education in Ireland	374
The Future of Manchuria . . .	361	Motor-Touring—V: The Day's Journey	370	Organs and Organists. By Oscar Gauer and John F. Runciman . .	374
Japan and Divine Right	362	Chess	371	REVIEWS:	
THE CITY	363	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Gold of Africa	374
INSURANCE: House-Purchase Systems .	364	Public Libraries and Reading. By Sir E. Maunde Thompson Bart. .	371	Minor Caroline Poetry	375
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Struggle and Stability. By F. C. Constable	372	Ora Pinsent	376
Lights and Shades of Russian Character. By Alexander Kinloch	364	The Careful Copyist. By H. Warner Allen	373	Mr. Masterman on "Reaction" . .	376
Making Copy of Our Neighbour . .	366	Kellermann at Valmy. By Colonel R. Phipps	373	The English Church in Transition .	377
Old Waterways—I. By Alexander Innes Shand	367			The Home Coal-Fields	378
				NOVELS	378
				NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . .	380
				BOROUGH HISTORIES	380

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A very grave situation has arisen in Scandinavia. Norway and Sweden have hitherto conducted the business of divorce in so reasonable a spirit that it has come as a shock to find the negotiations at Karlstad at a deadlock over the question of Norwegian fortifications. Sweden's attitude, if the reports of the proceedings at the conference are trustworthy, is arrogant. From the moment when Norway decided to sever the connexion, her desire has been to meet Sweden in every possible way. Apparently the Swedes have mistaken conciliatory methods for weakness, and now seek to impose conditions which Norway regards as humiliating. They demand that all the new fortifications near the frontier shall be demolished and that the ancient but recently repaired strongholds of Frederiksten and Kongsvinger shall be reduced to ruins. The new works Norway is prepared to abandon conditionally on Sweden agreeing to a general treaty of arbitration, but Sweden takes up the pedantic line that as Norway is not yet an independent country, such an agreement is impossible. As to the two ancient fortresses they are certainly not a menace; they are of great sentimental value to Norway, and she will fight rather than destroy them.

Whatever the facts—and Professor Harold Hjärne denies emphatically that Sweden has demanded the levelling of Frederiksten and Kongsvinger—it is certain that bitter feeling has been roused in both countries. On either side it is urged that the other has ostentatiously prepared for war, and both assert indignantly that they have not moved a regiment or a ship in view of contingencies. Europe can only regard the pretensions of these small nations with impatience, and if they cannot settle their differences amicably the opinion is strongly held that the Powers should intervene. This as a matter of fact is said already to have

happened, with the result that a compromise has been arrived at. Neither country can be ignorant of or indifferent to the penalty which might follow international action. The Stockholm newspapers have chosen to consider that Norway's "big and threatening words" are mere bluff, and have made it more difficult for the Swedish Government to give way, even though they desired to do so.

Hungary is at present passing through one of her innumerable political crises. Baron Fejervary's ministry took office last June, although the recent general election had resulted in favour of the coalition between Count Apponyi and M. Kossuth, who represented the national aspirations which were chiefly typified by the demand for the use of the Magyar language instead of German in the Hungarian army. From the point of view of the Emperor the coalition, determined not to give way on any of the items of its programme, as a government was impossible. So the Emperor had to find a ministry which would at least act as a stopgap in the meantime. Count Tisza had for a considerable time been carrying on the unpalatable task, and it was necessary to find some equally devoted servant of the Emperor who would consent to so great a personal sacrifice as holding a thankless office.

Baron Fejervary, a man of seventy-two, with little experience of politics, became Prime Minister and the struggles began in the Hungarian Parliament between the coalition majority and the ministry which not only ended in the Government's defeat but brought about a state of affairs in which the Crown appeared to be the point of attack not the ministry. A deadlock resulted; the ministry could not transact business, the Opposition would not take office; and the Parliament was prorogued. And here begins the most curious development of the whole affair which seems to change utterly the conditions of the contest by leading to the resignation of the Fejervary Cabinet.

Between the prorogation and the time for Parliament reassembling Baron Fejervary found in M. Kristoff an adviser who had a programme which seemed admirably adapted as a counterblast to that of the Nationalists. The movement for a very large extension of the suffrage in place of the present very narrow one

was to be supported. This brings in not only the socialists but the non-Magyar elements in Hungary to the support of the ministers against the more limited Magyar national aspirations. The new programme has been received with extraordinary enthusiasm. But if Baron Fejervary's new plan of campaign has caused the coalition embarrassment, and to a great extent cut the ground from under it, such wide proposals equally embarrass the Emperor. It would not be convenient for the universal suffrage movement to extend to Austria as it would probably do if encouraged in Hungary. The Premier has not been able to secure sufficient support from the Crown and his resignation is the consequence. A wider issue has thus been raised in competition with merely Magyar aspirations; and the immediate future politics of Hungary will be the conflict between the two.

It is now suggested that the Morocco Conference will meet in Madrid in November. The state of the country renders it important that an international settlement should be arrived at with as little delay as possible. Around Tangier the insecurity is so great that the Diplomatic Body has been compelled to make strong representations to the Moorish Government. Until the European Powers are agreed among themselves as to the future it cannot be expected that any improvement will take place. The Sultan is clearly incapable of maintaining order, and his surrender to France has further weakened his hold over the turbulent tribes. Germany apparently now realises that in encouraging his pretensions she was playing a dangerous game. Hence the negotiations which have occupied M. Révoil and Dr. Rosen during the week in Paris, with a view to a complete understanding between France and Germany before the conference is convened, have presented fewer difficulties than might have been the case a month or six weeks ago. Dr. Rosen's conciliatory attitude is in striking contrast with the line taken by Count von Tattenbach in Fez.

The reports from Baku are so startling in particulars that it is very hard, if not impossible, to gauge the actual facts. But it is clear that the affair is grave and the situation very serious. The critical state of the oil-fields which represent European Russia's chief assets of industry may be gathered from the fact that the representatives of the principal oil firms have petitioned the Minister of Finance at St. Petersburg to adopt immediate measures for the protection of their property. The Emperor, moreover, has evidently taken the matter into his own hands, for he has telegraphed orders, it is stated, to Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, the Viceroy of the Caucasus, to take immediate military action to stamp out the conflict and the rioting in the town—an effectual salutary order, the delay of which, with the meagre information on the subject, it is hard to explain. Mr. Nobel, one of the chief local representatives of Russia's petroleum industry, at an interview with the representative of "Le Matin", has declared the announcement to be unfounded that the British works at Baku have been destroyed, and that it is incorrect to state that most of the wells are in flames. The fact that the derricks which had been set on fire by the leaders of the riots have been throwing out immense clouds of smoke has no doubt given rise to the latter announcement.

A great quantity of oil has of course been destroyed, upwards of three million poods (50,000 tons), it is said. But the mention of this quantity brought a smile on Mr. Nobel's face. This may be the extent of the damage, but the figures in comparison are not so alarming as they might appear, the annual output of oil at Baku being 600 to 700 million poods. The output season, moreover, is nearly at an end, and the bulk of this year's supply has already left Baku. According to the same informant Mr. Nobel likewise denies the truth of the report telegraphed that the destruction of the oil industry is well nigh accomplished by what has taken place at Baku. The conflagration which has destroyed the extensive works at Balahani and Sabounchi was occasioned in part by the rapid spread of the fire by terrific winds lasting for three whole days. The

strife was not by any means a revolutionary contest of classes, but a religious feud of races, and politics had little or nothing to do with the whole revolt. It arose, in fact, from a low café brawl with the firing of a revolver by one of the party.

Rioting has continued in Tokio, and has spread to Yokohama and other cities and towns. It was serious on Wednesday, though it might appear by several previous days' news that the efforts of Ministers in explaining the peace treaty, suppression of newspapers and the proclamation of martial law had settled the commotion. Probably this will not happen until the ratification of the treaty; but the Japanese have not yet been presented with the accomplished fact. There has been a demand for the summoning of a special session of the Diet as well as for the resignation of the Cabinet. As a sort of compromise the Ministers had a conference with members of different political parties and explained the peace terms. They have also the advantage of having obtained the advice of the Emperor to continue in office. A curious incident during the rioting was the threat of a police official that he would commit suicide with his men if the rioters burnt, as they threatened to do, a certain public building; and it had the desired effect. The political suicide of the Ministers might have been equally efficacious; but this it seems is a course no more popular in Tokio than in some other capitals.

It would seem as if Japan had had all her good fortune during the war and that her misfortunes began with the prospects of peace. The terrible loss of Admiral Togo's flagship the "Mikasa" is a striking case in point coming so recently after the great part it played in the battle of the Sea of Japan. Japan loses not only the finest of her ships, involving a money loss of a million and a half sterling if she cannot be raised, but apparently the greater number of her veteran crew. Will the investigation of the cause reveal want of skill or of care which might have prevented the accident? If so, this and the angry mob of Tokio will have done something to reduce the Japanese to European average. A little kindly human fault will bring Japan into line with the Western world.

Heavy rain throughout the affected tracts in Upper India has quite altered the situation. Such a burst at this time of the year—the aftermath of the monsoon—is not uncommon. Unfortunately it comes too late to save some part of the autumn crops, but it enables the spring harvest to be sown under favourable conditions and ensures a supply of pasture and fodder and thus avoids the loss of cattle which is one of the worst complications of a drought. Moreover it will secure employment for the people and at least reduce the necessity for relief works. According to the reports, as much as ten inches of rain fell in a few hours and this deluge has naturally been accompanied by injury to buildings and damage from over-flooded rivers—but the loss must be far outweighed by the gain. There was never any serious question of postponing the Prince's visit, but owing to this change it may be possible to adhere to the original programme from which it seemed likely that Rajputana would have to be excluded.

We are glad to hear from a quite trustworthy source that Lord Curzon's health has mended of late, and that he is once more in great heart. It is worth noting that already the quarrels and quibbles of an unhappy affair between himself and Mr. Brodrick and Lord Kitchener are, to practical intent and purpose, clean forgotten by the public. Only a few official sticklers fuss about the thing. It does not really now matter whether Mr. Brodrick managed to be right or Lord Curzon by his high-handed way put himself in the wrong. The fact remains that Lord Curzon, right or wrong, comes out of the business as strong a man as ever. There is a great section of the Conservative party which never entertains a doubt that Lord Curzon will lead it one day.

We have little patience over the tangle of knots which both sides more or less are trying to tie over

the question of Chinese labour in South Africa. What are the simple issues which the Bishop of Hereford, Bishop Wilkinson, and so many others are tending to obscure by their arguments? Those who favour the ordinance believe that the mines, in another word the resources, of the Transvaal ought to be developed without loss of time: Chinese labour is the only present means to that end: it does not imply slavery, even if it may be attended by some ills and political inconveniences: therefore it is adopted as the only practical way—and not an immoral way—out of the difficulty. The other side distrust mines and mine-owners and are not anxious to see the country developed in this direction. It is this which feeds their feeling, and colours all their argument, against yellow labour.

Why do they not own up proudly to their honest hatred? They would be confessing themselves rather impracticable no doubt, even impossible as men of the world, but they would free themselves of the imputation of party factiousness, and—when they talk of slavery and the rights of white labour—of a charge even of humbug. If yellow labour had been imported to develop the farming industry of the country, not its gold mines, this agitation would never have arisen. It is not in its essence a political party agitation though made to look like one; but simply an agitation against rich men and gold mines.

Lord Ripon in his speech this week argued before an audience more or less agricultural that if Canada were helped by preferential duties to flood the English market with her corn the English farmer would in the end be ruined. But the truth is the farmer no longer lives by growing corn for bread. The most valuable part of the wheat crop to-day, at least the most paying part to him, is the straw, not the grain: in fact a large quantity of the grain is not used for bread. However perhaps it does not very much matter what your political conscience or political prejudice, whichever it be, makes you say to the English farmer. He might be deaf as the adder in his hedge for all the impression the party speakers make on him so far as his vote at the next general election goes.

Most of the farmers will vote Tory as ever, and would continue to do so whether the views of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Michael Hicks Beach prevailed in the party. Not to put a gloss on the matter, the English farmer suspects the attitude of the Liberal party towards the agricultural labourers. He has a notion that Liberals are in favour of raising the wages of the labourers and their general standard of life, and of making somebody—too likely himself—pay for it. He attributes moreover rather too much educational zeal to the Liberals, and rather too little of that robust patriotism or jingoism or imperialism which he talks and believes in thoroughly at a national crisis. Lord Ripon and his friends have no real chance of winning over the farmers as a class.

Speculation as to the date of the General Election has been revived in some quarters by the appointment of Col. D. A. Johnston, Mr. A. Glen K.C. and Mr. Howel Thomas of the Local Government Board as a committee to collect information for the guidance of the Government in drafting a Redistribution Bill. The committee will not report for three months probably and the Government would hardly trouble about collecting new facts if they did not intend to submit a measure to Parliament before the General Election. Some people are asking why the Government have thought it necessary to appoint this committee at all? Mr. Balfour and his colleagues made their views on the subject plain in July last. Apparently they do not intend to adhere to the plan outlined in the uncalled-for resolutions. Otherwise the committee would have been appointed not to collect general data for the guidance of the Ministry, but to assist the determination of boundaries.

Mr. Long has found a way out of the Land Purchase impasse in Ireland by inducing the Treasury to come

to the rescue. Mr. Wyndham's estimate of the amount that would be required has fallen altogether short of the necessity of the case, with the result that many transactions could not be completed because money was not forthcoming. It was a ridiculous and humiliating position, and Mr. Long had to do something for the sake not only of Imperial credit but of Ireland itself. Under Mr. Wyndham's Act not more than £5,000,000 was to be advanced in any one of the first three years. Mr. Long, in a letter to Sir John Colomb, explains that he has induced the Treasury to guarantee an extra £2,000,000 for the current year and an extra £10,000,000 for 1906. This means that all told £23,000,000 of Land stock will have been issued fifteen months hence in order to enable Irish tenants to become proprietors. Mr. Long has thus given proof of the sincerity of his recent announcement that his policy is constructive. It was however hardly to be expected that the Nationalists would give him credit for this excellent stroke of business. In their view of course he has acted entirely in the interests of the landlords.

Since the great earthquake in Calabria last Friday week there have been two further shocks, that on Thursday resulting in the entire loss of the town of Monte Rosso. Calabria is a well-known region of earth disturbances, and the people have acquired the coolness which comes from acquaintance with a familiar danger; but this great calamity has unnerved them, and they have fled panic-stricken from towns and villages into the open fields. To the loss of many hundreds of lives and the destruction of property there is to be added this misery of the homeless and destitute. It is a scene to call forth all sympathy, and Italians, with the King and Queen at their head, are doing much to relieve the distress. Though the calamitous results of the earthquake have fallen on Calabria the disturbance has been felt over a large tract of Italy. It travelled apparently from that province as a centre north at least as far as Florence; and at Rome, and Naples, and Castellammare, it produced very distinct effects. In Rome the public clocks were stopped. Southwards it was felt generally throughout Sicily, and in the light-house at Capo di Faro the light was put out for a moment.

The Vicar of Avebury stands in sharp relief from some of his brethren; for the way into his church is never barred either to the curious or the devout. Yet to him the temptation to keep it barred must be strong, for who knows if the stranger might not lift the lid of a fine oak chest in the church, dated 1634, and behold an unholly and unsavoury collection of jam pots, medicine bottles, marmalade pots and dirty rags? He might also observe that the space between the chest and the wall was wholly occupied by thick and ancient spiders' webs. He would not however be very much shocked, for the rubbish heaps in the churchyard and its generally uncared for condition would have well prepared him for this neglect within. This interesting church is oppressed with much tawdry decoration: cleanliness would be a more artistic ornament.

The recent newspaper discussion on our ecclesiastical Dreyfus case (alias the Ridsdale judgment) has we suppose suggested the curious brochure of the Bishop of Chester on the vestments question. This latest episcopal allocution like everything else that the Bishops say on the subject is beside the mark. The point to grasp is that the Purchas and Ridsdale judgments were discreditable miscarriages of justice, and that until they have been reversed and apologised for it is hopeless to expect High Churchmen to listen to any suggestion of compromise. The recent attempt of an Evangelical newspaper to buttress up the unfairness of the Judicial Committee would be funny were it not discreditable. If disobedience to judgments not of law but of policy is a crime then the Dean of Canterbury is as great a criminal as say the Vicar of S. Albans, Holborn. Dean Wace refuses to obey Lords Selborne and Cairns when they order him to wear a cope, exactly as the Vicar in question disobeys them when they order him not to

wear a chasuble. Evangelicals are right in treating with contempt two of the worst ecclesiastical decisions of the nineteenth century.

The Andover magistrates have been almost as busy as ever the last day or two signing summonses against motorists. Batch after batch of culprits have to be dealt with, and each batch includes someone who writes a furious letter to the papers. Justice! Who looks for it from these Andover magistrates? Sir Thomas Lipton, fined £5, vowed, if we recollect rightly, he would appeal to Quarter Sessions. Was it he who almost directly after the threat motored through Odiham, was summoned again and this time fined £15? Mr. Stephen Coleridge, taken and fined by the Andover magistrates the other day, proposes to avenge or remedy injustice by employing counsel and by a two-hour fight keep the magistrates from their luncheons. But there surely should be a way of defeating this plan. We would advise the magistrates to go to their lunch and finish such cases later—"and wretches hang that jury men may dine".

As a fact we should say that the Andover magistrates in question are not particularly hostile to the motorist. For instance, Lord Portsmouth is one of these magistrates, and has he not put up a notice warning motorists against a trap? The truth is the police are very active and scientific in their methods in this particular district. They have traps at a number of dangerous spots. A constable is stationed at either end, and a constable is stationed at the middle, and a superintendent is at hand. These men give evidence which cannot be shaken. Mr. Coleridge, with others, writes as if every motorist who comes near the town were taken by these terrible policemen. It is not so. Only a dozen motorists out of about a hundred and fifty who passed a trap one day—a Salisbury race day—were summoned. It is safe enough to drive a motor in the district: but it is expensive to drive at an illegal pace. We are utterly out of sympathy with those who drive a motor at an illegal pace, and then whimper because their pleasure is costly. That they do drive at an illegal pace it is childish to dispute. Colonel Verner's really admirable letters on this subject, which we have lately printed, afford damning evidence of the fact that the hard-driving motorist commonly does not know at what rate he is going.

We admit freely that there may be cases where it is more than excusable to drive a motor at above the legal pace; for instance, for a doctor to do so where time saved may mean a life saved; and kindred cases may occur to one. But this is a vastly different thing. Ordinarily, furious driving is selfish and hateful. We say this measuring the words most carefully. There are thousands of good motorists who take this view. It is to be hoped that the police throughout the country will assiduously make traps, and that the magistrates will fine all motorists who get caught in them.

There has been the odd spectacle this week of the shareholders of an industrial company removing one of their directors on account of his religious convictions. If we look at the matter from the standpoint of commercial principle, one thing seems clear enough. What the shareholders of a company are concerned in is that the business on which they have risked capital should be conducted in the most advantageous way. Anything which is calculated, or which the shareholders might—erroneously or otherwise—consider calculated, to endanger the prospects of the business, or to lessen their receipts in any way, would afford legitimate ground for their active interference. If one of their directors chose to become a Fire-worshipper it would be no concern of theirs, as long as his genuflections before the mid-day sun did not interfere with the conduct or prospects of the undertaking in which they were interested. On the other hand, nobody can deny that a body of shareholders would be perfectly justified in removing a director, even if he had committed no worse sin than joining the Plymouth Brotherhood, if it were thought that his doing so in any way damaged the operations of their company.

MR. BALFOUR'S PALLIUM.

MR. BALFOUR'S address to the Scottish Volunteers was in the main an explanation of his previous utterances on the subject of Imperial Defence; for it certainly travelled beyond the mere limits of the Volunteer problem. His former contention that an invasion of these shores was impossible provoked a considerable amount of adverse comment; whilst doubt was expressed as to how the Prime Minister was voicing his own opinions, and how far those of his expert advisers. First we had Mr. Balfour in an optimistic mood on the general situation—then Lord Roberts pessimistic, maintaining that the army of to-day was in no way better fitted for war than the army of 1899—then Mr. Arnold-Forster traversing the views of Lord Roberts; and, though denying the necessity for conscription, maintaining that the auxiliaries were practically useless as now organised. He advocated quality as against quantity, and this view we have always held to be right. Still it caused much ill-feeling, and perhaps unnecessarily alarmed the Volunteers. So Mr. Balfour has now come forward to play oil to Mr. Arnold-Forster's vinegar, and confer some semblance of logic and homogeneity on the various and possibly contradictory contentions of himself and his subordinates. Nevertheless we must regretfully admit that his latest pronouncement does not carry us much further towards the solution of this thorny problem. It is true that his speech has been much belauded in certain quarters. But we fail altogether to follow the reasoning of those who assume that because the Prime Minister and possibly also the Cabinet and the Defence Committee have come to certain conclusions on the subject of military policy, that policy must necessarily be right. All such things must clearly be the merest guesswork; and in war it is notorious that guesswork is very generally erroneous.

The main object of Mr. Balfour's pronouncement appears to be the desire to reconcile the existence of the Volunteers with the "blue water" theories he has adopted. Now he plainly lays down that, though invasion is impossible, raids are possible. This at any rate is something to be thankful for. It gives shape to what we have often urged, when we have pointed out that the moral, if not material, effect of raids on our credit and monetary system generally would be immense and far-reaching. It is at least a great advance that this point of view should be clearly recognised, especially as the previous utterances of the Prime Minister did not make this clear. He very rightly maintains that a home defence army—in this particular case the Volunteers—is really part and parcel of the Indian defence problem; since the stronger the home defence force, the more men it will be possible to send to India in case of emergency. It is quite true, as he says, that conscription will not help us towards maintaining a force for the defence of India, Canada and other dependencies in peace-time, as conscripts of course could not be kept permanently abroad. But the real gain of conscription would be the immense reserve of national strength it would produce. For though compulsion to send conscripts abroad would be lacking, we cannot think that patriotic sentiment is so weak that, when the time of stress comes, men would not be forthcoming willingly to serve abroad, as was the case during the South African war. But if conscription were in force, the difference would be the much greater military value of those who would be forthcoming over those who, with commendable patriotism, were available during the South African crisis. Nothing could have been better and more sensible than Mr. Balfour's warning as to our future liabilities, in spite of the new Anglo-Japanese treaty. It would indeed be an evil effect of the instrument were ill-advised people to imagine that the new order of things would in any sense decrease our responsibilities in the East, or permit of any reduction in our military forces or our army expenditure. If for no other reason this speech would be memorable for this wise and timely warning. But Mr. Balfour in no way told us how a force, and the large addition of officers required, could be provided for a great emergency in India; and it is noticeable

that he was altogether silent as to the rôle which the Militia would play in such a case.

The "Daily Telegraph" has now taken up the subject with an inaugural letter from the pen of Sir Frederick Maurice, who carries the subject a point further; but he, like Mr. Balfour, Lord Roberts and others, does not carry it far enough, and, like some of these, he has not the courage of his convictions. He truly says that the real cause of weakness, as matters now stand, is not the lack of recruits, but the lack of the right sort; and he is of opinion that in no part of the empire are we really ready to meet a great emergency. As a remedy he proposes that military service should be a *sine qua non* for Government employment. This is of course an excellent idea. But we much fear that even this consummation would not give us the desired result. Above all it would in no way help us towards solving the vital problem of providing a sufficient quota of competent officers in the event of mobilisation on a large scale. It is comparatively easy to improvise men—at least infantry men—who can be rapidly trained. But in the case of officers it is a very difficult matter. That was one of the great difficulties which faced us during the South African War; and without conscription it must always be the same.

As a fact all authoritative speakers and writers—Mr. Balfour, Lord Roberts, Sir Frederick Maurice, and others—evade the real issue. They tell us that great efforts may be required; whilst, as Sir F. Maurice rightly points out, it is no dictatorial Napoleon who has imposed such largely increased responsibilities upon us in all quarters of the globe. This has been done solely by the desire of the people, or at any rate its chosen representatives. He also tells us that we must alter our system, and create a "new model" army. But at this point Sir Frederick, with the nation, stops. The latter certainly provides, though with some distaste, immense sums towards the maintenance of national armaments. But the public will not take a hand at the plough. Other countries as free and enlightened as England put up with conscription; and in the issue they have not suffered in consequence either in national credit, physique, commerce, or in the efficiency of their skilled workmen. It is merely begging the question to say that conscription will not provide Indian or colonial garrisons. No one ever supposed it would. The real issue is this. Supposing we had to fight one day for our existence as a nation, as Japan has recently had to do. How should we come out of the struggle? There are many situations in which even the navy could not help us. Indeed all the expedients advanced for increasing our military efficiency are excuses to avoid the real issue. Let the Volunteers be twice as numerous and efficient as they are at present. They could not serve us when the day of trial came; and to realise this, it is in no way necessary to be an opponent of the "blue water" school of thought. Perhaps it is wearisome to reiterate over and over again, as we have done, these obvious facts. But when we find that almost every leading public man who speaks on the subject, enunciates most amply all the arguments for conscription, and then stops short of the dreaded issue, it is necessary to speak out. One tells us that rifle clubs will achieve the desired end. Another maintains that the Volunteers will be the saviours of the situation; whilst another tells us—an admirable suggestion as far as it goes—that salvation is to be found by converting discharged soldiers into policemen and postmen. But in effect there is only one way by which a great nation can maintain its position. It is by the flower of its manhood taking a share in the first duty and the highest privilege of a citizen, instead of leaving it to the fluctuations of the labour market to provide the men who will, to use Mr. Balfour's phrase, constitute the "might" wherewith to uphold the "right" of the British Empire.

THE FUTURE OF MANCHURIA.

THERE were many reasons, besides the supreme interest of the war, why the struggle in Manchuria should be watched anxiously by nations remote from the scene. It was not only the daring of Japan

in matching herself against an adversary who loomed so hugely, by comparison, on the map; nor the fact that the struggle between enemies so apparently disproportioned was between an Eastern and a Western Power for supremacy in Eastern Asia. There remained, behind these political considerations, the question of the commercial future of a great region whose potentialities people were just beginning to perceive. The remark made some years ago by a well-known student of Oriental politics, that "in no part of the world is commercial power so directly conditioned upon political power as in the Far East", could receive no clearer illustration than from recent events. The tenour of Russia's reply some years ago to Mr. Hay's expression of hope that she would associate herself in the policy of the "open door" left her intentions at least open to suspicion. So that, besides and beyond the supreme interest of the Titanic fight between a great European Power and a newly arisen Asiatic Power for political supremacy, there lay the question whether the door into Manchuria with all its commercial possibilities should be open or closed. We have yet to await the full text of the treaty of peace; but the synopsis which has been published of Articles 3 and 5 indicates a sufficiently clear undertaking on the part of both nations—(1) to withdraw their troops from Manchuria; (2) to put no obstacles in the way of the "general measures (which shall be alike for all nations) that China may take for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria"—which must be taken to imply (3) a purpose of restoring the country to China with a request that she will administer it on the principle of the "open door". That is precisely the policy which everyone in this country has desired. It has been defined otherwise as "equality of opportunity", but there will be no jealousy of the possession by Japan of so much superiority of opportunity as may be due to her propinquity and acquired prestige.

It is desirable in fact that she should possess that prestige. China has ways of her own of introducing order and settled government among her outlying dependencies; but they are not rapid ways. Her people have overflowed into Manchuria till, of the 21,000,000 inhabitants now attributed to it, nine-tenths are pure Chinese. We are in presence of the anomaly that Chinese writing, and Chinese only, is employed: even the Government proclamations, which, as Mr. Little remarks in his recent work, every self-respecting Mandarin is persistently engaged in issuing, are couched in Chinese, while Manchu is practically confined to, and used perfunctorily only at, special functions of the Peking Court. But the advance has been of the character of a wave pushing before it a fringe of foam. Settled government has followed behind, and it will be well that the strong hand of a Power possessing a genius for organisation should be there to help the Mandarins re-settle districts which must have been badly unsettled by the recent war. There has always been brigandage in Manchuria: we heard a good deal of Hung-hu-tze at the outset, and we may be sure that their numbers have not lessened. For a people orderly and easily governed when things go well, the Chinaman turns bandit with remarkable facility when they go wrong. But he will resume his peaceable pursuits with equal facility when they are put right; and the Japanese may be trusted to help put them right quickly, in the interests of the commerce to which they look forward as one reward of the efforts they have put forth. Of the potentialities of that commerce Mr. Hosie gave us a vivid picture in the work on Manchuria and its resources which was reviewed in these pages on 31 August, 1901. It was some fifty miles north of Moukden and a hundred south of the point where Russian and Japanese interests in the railway are to be divided, that he "saw a sight which impressed him more than anything he had previously witnessed in his travels with the magnitude of Chinese trade". "Until late in the afternoon [he writes] . . . we met at least a thousand carts heavily laden with the produce of the interior. . . . If we take the average team to have numbered five animals we met some 5,000 animals in one day." That was before the completion of the railway, and when produce had to be

carried to Newchwang either in carts or in boats down the Liao. It requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive how that trade may expand now that there is substituted for means of conveyance so cumbrous the rapid and serviceable method of steam. Carts will now act as feeders to the railway, which will be served moreover by the various waterways that Japan will take care doubtless to see opened to trade. The policy of Russia was to keep them closed. Art. 1 of the treaty of Aigun (1858) lays down that "the navigation of the Amur, the Sungari, and the Usuri is permitted only to Russian and Chinese craft; the navigation of these rivers shall be interdicted to those of every other State". And though the stipulation was omitted from the treaty negotiated two years later by General Ignatieff at Peking, it was expressly revived in that negotiated by the Marquis Tseng at St. Petersburg in 1881. Diplomacy rejoices so much in language designed to conceal thoughts which may be unpleasant to anybody concerned, that plain men are sometimes puzzled to know exactly what meaning is intended. A plain man might have preferred to see those clauses abrogated, but it can hardly be that a nation so bent on extending its commerce will submit to see its ships excluded from the waterways of a great region with which it purposes to trade; so it may be assumed that the opening of these rivers comes within the scope of the "general measures which shall be alike for all nations" that China is to be persuaded to take.

Of the three provinces into which Manchuria is divided the Southern, Feng-tien, which contains Moukden, is the smallest though the most populous and fertile. The Central, Kirin, contains both the point, Kwang-Chen-tze, at which the railway is to be "worked jointly between the Russians and the Japanese", and Harbin, the centre of Russian occupation and the point of junction with the Vladivostok line. North of this again lies Hei-lung-chiang, which contains half the total area of Manchuria, but only 2,000,000 inhabitants, and is the least settled or developed of the whole. But it contains, besides its capital, Tsitsihar, the historic towns of Aigun and Blagoveschensk; and when we are told that fifteen soldiers are to be allowed as railway guards to every kilometre, it may assist our calculations to note that while Japan obtains some 440 miles from Dalny to Kwang-Chen-tze Russia retains, besides the 150 between Harbin and Kwang-Chen-tze, some 1,050 between the western frontier of Hei-lung-chiang and Vladivostok. It will be curious to watch the resumption, by the Chinese, of authority in Harbin and throughout the great region to the north of the railway which is called after the Chinese name (Hei-lung-chiang means Black Dragon River) of the Amur. Manchuria presents indeed the aspect of a problem in solution in several important respects. Will the elimination of Russian and Japanese influence be completed with the removal of the troops, and Chinese officials be left to govern according to the methods which commend themselves to the Mandarin mind? or will the influence of the Russian railway guards and personnel at Harbin and elsewhere in the North, and of Japanese railway guards and immigrants in the South, continue to be felt? Japan entered upon the war primarily, of course, to preserve Korea as a field for the enterprise of her people, and to push back the Russian power which threatened to become a menace to her from the opposite coasts. But it is hardly to be expected that she will refrain from a measure of peaceful penetration in Manchuria as well. Her trade there was considerable before the war, and numbers of her people have flocked in behind as her armies advanced. It is not likely that in actual labour they will enter into serious competition with the Chinese, but they will certainly take part in developing the commerce, resources and natural wealth of Manchuria in other ways. Restoration, again, implies military reoccupation; and it has been suggested that, in the treaty between China and Japan which will presumably formalise the change, provision may be made for the organisation under Japanese auspices of the Chinese forces destined for the purpose. The great outlying dependency of China seems to offer itself, in fact, as a corpus upon which may be made immediate experiment

of the influence that many predict Japan will come gradually to assert within the area of the Middle Kingdom itself. But neither must it be forgotten that Russia remains installed at Harbin, and retains a hold on the Pacific.

JAPAN AND DIVINE RIGHT.

THE religious doctrine of the divine right of kings and governors which has played so great a part in politics has recently come before the world in a remarkably novel form owing to the war between Russia and Japan. Many people, whose tastes are more philosophic than warlike, will probably remember the terms in which Japanese soldiers and sailors announced their victories to their sovereign, long after most other details of the war have faded from their memory. Especially after the final victory of Tsushima they will recall that Admiral Togo ascribed his success to the virtues of his Majesty the Mikado or to the virtues of the Mikado's ancestors. That was a form of address which was of startling novelty. It seemed meant sincerely, and quite naturally, to express a sentiment or a fact which the Japanese would accept as a matter of course, and the feelings with which they would regard this momentous event. Yet no other general, in the Western world at least, would have so announced the result of a battle to his sovereign. We are familiar enough with the pious ascription of success in war to the guidance and direction of the Supreme Providence who has deigned to favour the victor and defeat the forces of the vanquished. But in this instance there was wanting what we should regard as the higher religious element which assigns the disposition and ordering of human events to the Divine power and wisdom. There have been occasions when European Christian sovereigns or statesmen have seemed wanting in tact and good taste in assuming, apparently too readily and too unctuously, that the success in their affairs could be represented as an interposition of the Divine Providence in their favour. That has been regarded as offensive even by nations who hold firmly to the general doctrine of the divinity that shapes the ends of individuals and of nations. But the Japanese attitude of mind seemed to offend and shock still more deeply the Christian feelings on this subject. Apparently in whatever way we were to understand the influence of the Mikado on the success of his arms, he was not supposed to be under the direction of a higher power than himself or the spirits of his ancestors.

These addresses to the Japanese sovereign were the more striking from the fact that his enemy was the Tsar of Russia, whose position in many respects is more comparable with the Mikado's than that of any other European sovereign. In Russia, as in Japan, the title of the throne is not considered to be founded on any statutory or other constitutional act of settlement. The rule of the Tsar is based upon the conception which was once familiar to all European peoples, and was the foundation of their allegiance to their sovereigns. And yet neither the Tsar himself, nor any of his ministers or generals, could have dreamed for a moment of claiming or declaring that to him personally, by virtue of his unique character, the merit of Russian success in arms would be due. The occasion never arose, but as the Russian theory of divine right would not ascribe to the Tsar the credit for victories, neither would it make the Tsar responsible personally for defeats and misfortunes. This reflection raises an interesting point as to the Mikado. What view of the Mikado's influence would the Japanese have taken if, instead of being victorious, they had suffered a series of defeats? The riots that have taken place in Japan since the conclusion of peace show that there are the same kinds of materials for revolutions in Japan as there are in European nations when a dynasty is associated with some national misfortune, such as the terms of the peace are in the opinion of many Japanese. Suppose that something more than a matter of opinion had been in issue, and that there had been an abundance of concrete facts in the total failure of the Japanese armies and navies to win victories?

The virtues of the occupant of the throne and of his ancestors would appear in that case to have broken down, and we might ask what are his safeguards against a revolution. The dynasty of a Napoleon went down with Napoleon III. and the virtues of the Emperor himself and those of his ancestor the first Napoleon could not save it. Why not the Mikado's? The two cases however are evidently not similar. There was no suggestion in the rioting at Tokio and elsewhere, that the blame for the supposed unfavourable peace was imputed to the Mikado himself.

It may appear inconsistent to ascribe success to him and that all reverses should be placed to the account of his ministers. But the Japanese during the recent disturbances have in fact acted practically on the distinction; and there is probably good reason to believe that in the face of events more serious they would not have done otherwise. This is a remarkable instance of running in double harness such incompatibles as a theory of constitutional government and the theory of a sovereign whose credentials, if not actually what may be called of divine right, are more than terrestrial and possess a supernatural sanction. There is no difficulty in understanding that under the form divine right took in the Europe of earlier days, or as it takes in Russia, the Sovereign escapes censure for national calamities, as everything can be attributed to an over-ruling Providence or the faults of ministers. In a constitutional government where the monarch is purposely protected by the responsibility of his ministers the question of his personal responsibility does not arise. Japan has a régime under which any credit goes to the Mikado and any discredit to his ministers. He reminds us of Charles II. when he explained the cleverness of his speech and the alleged folly of his actions by saying "My words are my own, my acts are my ministers'". The legal fiction that the king can do no wrong is the expression of the fact that his ministers are the persons to whom praise or blame is to be assigned. The Japanese conception of the Mikado's functions resembles much more the Roman Catholic belief in the inerrancy of the head of the Church than anything which has had vogue in European politics. No upholders of the divine right of temporal sovereigns have understood it as conferring such divinely directed wisdom as would ensure the infallibility of those sovereigns' acts of state, as the Roman Church has claimed for the ecclesiastical acts of the Pope its head. But the Japanese conception of the Mikado is even a stronger instance of the belief in a personality on earth who is representative of celestial power. Amidst all the changes which have come over Japan since 1868, when the position of the Mikado in the State was settled with many of the accessories of modern European constitutionalism, the religious view of the Mikado has remained what it was in Shintoism, the original element which has become so strangely intermingled with Buddhism, Confucianism and several other philosophical or ethical systems. In that religion Japan is the country of the gods; the Mikado is the direct descendant and actual representative of the Sun goddess; and the whole duty of a good Japanese consists in obeying without question the commands of the Mikado. He unites the spiritual and the temporal functions therefore in a manner to which Europe offers no parallel. His virtues and those of his ancestors have no points of comparison with what we understand by the virtues of a sovereign and his ancestors. Bearing these facts in mind, the shock to the religious feelings, when we find apparently no reference to a disposing Power beyond man in the addresses to the Mikado which we have mentioned, is somewhat mitigated however unsympathetic may be the idea of the Sun goddess to us. We do not profess to know to what extent scepticism has modified or will modify such a conception of divine right. In the meantime however it is a guarantee of loyalty to the throne as similar doctrines have always been. They give indeed the most intelligible account of what is meant by loyalty to the person of a monarch.

THE CITY.

THERE has been a pronounced check to quotations in the Consol market due almost entirely to the outflow of gold which has already taken place and to the rumours which have been current in respect of the large amounts likely to be engaged on New York account. The statement that a million sterling had been taken out of the Bank for the United States proved to be incorrect, but following the rise in the German bank rate to 4 per cent. a considerable demand for gold on German account developed and it was thought quite probable that—in self-protection and as a measure of precaution—the Bank of England rate would again be raised. This was not, however, done, although it is hardly likely that it can be avoided, and meanwhile the uncertainty is reflecting itself in lower prices for Consols and other Government securities. The transition stage towards more normal conditions following peace must necessarily entail fluctuations and as we have already pointed out the requirements of South America, Egypt, and the Western States of America are much greater than usual owing to the bountiful harvests. But with the readjustment effected prices should certainly recover and the present therefore offers an excellent opportunity to investors who by disposition or in consequence of trustee obligations, turn towards the finest British securities. A stock of this character which is worthy of attention is the 3 per cent. debenture stock of the East Indian Railway which may be bought at about 93½, free of stamp duty—and at the price yields £3 4s. 6d. per cent.; this stock is a direct guarantee of the Indian Government and India Threees only yield about £3 1s. 3d. at current prices. But throughout the list may be found many high-grade investments to be picked up only in small quantities it is true, which may be safely locked away with every possibility of a substantial appreciation in value during the next year or two.

The Stock Exchange has been mainly occupied with the details of the settlement during the past week, and several causes have combined to make the work much heavier than usual. The rise in the values during the past account, more particularly in the Mining market, has brought much satisfaction to the "bulls" and this has assisted the undoubted broadening of the markets which is in evidence. There is nobody equal to the Stock Exchange speculator for launching out when things are going his way and in every market virtually without exception there is a solid basis for optimism at the present time. We have frequently referred to the wide influence exercised by the South African market and there are few operators who have not an interest in gold shares. The many months of patient waiting have at last turned in his favour and "differences" are flowing in to many who have for so long been accustomed to pay out—in many instances the South African market has been deserted for other sections where fortune has been more kind, but now the profits made from American rails and Foreign rails are further increased by a partial return of the previous losses in mining shares and with renewed confidence the "bull" has extended his purchases whilst the spread of confidence has brought fresh purchasers into the field.

The most interesting feature in the House has been the revival of interest in Home railway stocks which have been extensively bought and certainly have every appearance of going better. The prime factor in the improvement is the better trade outlook but there is also a good deal to be said for the "swing of the pendulum" theory. Home rails have been out of fashion for so long that it is time the turn came, and at the current prices the yield from certain Ordinary stocks is tempting, apart from the prospect of an increase in capital value. The complete returns of the working of British railways for 1904 just issued by the Board of Trade are especially interesting at this time and the figures are very instructive. The most noticeable point is the increase of £422,000 in the goods receipts whilst accompanying this expansion there was a reduction of 2·8 per cent. in goods train mileage although an increase of 0·5 per cent. in goods train

mile receipts was shown: this points to unmistakable progress in administration and bears out the remarks made by various chairmen at railway companies' meetings that the handling of goods traffic was receiving the closest attention. The burden of rates and taxes to which allusion has been made in almost every company's report is clearly borne out by the fact that of the total increase of £611,000 in the working expenses no less than £243,000 is due to increased taxation.

The following table showing the chief Ordinary stocks with current quotations, yield per cent. and highest and lowest quotation for 1905 and 1904 may be interesting to those who have not the means of seeing the figures in a tabulated form.

Railway	Current Price	Yield per Cent.	Highest and Lowest Prices	
			1905	1904
Caledonian, Ordinary	116	4 7 0	120 111	111½ 93
Central London, Ordinary ..	91	4 9 0	94½ 88½	97 86
Ditto Deferred	79½	5 0 6	86½ 77	94 70½
Great Eastern, Ordinary ..	84½	3 14 0	93½ 86½	95 82½
Great Northern, Pref. Con. Ord.	101	3 10 6	108½ 98½	104 96
Great Western, Con. Ord. ..	139½	3 18 0	146 135½	145 130
Lancashire and Yorkshire, Con. Ord.	108	3 5 6	112½ 104	111½ 87½
London, Brighton and South Coast, Deferred Ord.	123	4 7 0	131½ 116½	127½ 103
London & N.-Western, Consol ..	156½	3 14 0	161 147	159½ 142½
London and S.-Western, Con. Ord.	103	3 14 0	171 155	167 146
Metropolitan, Consolidated ..	92	2 19 6	100 90	100 83
Midland, Deferred Conv. Ord. ..	67½	3 14 3	70 62	71½ 59½
North British, Ordinary	46½	4 1 6	49½ 43½	48½ 38
North-Eastern, Consols	140½	3 16 0	144½ 134	143½ 131½
South-Eastern, Ordinary	61	2 10 0	94½ 84½	98 81½

American rails have been an uneven market and will probably remain so until the currency requirements of the Western States are more fully known—advices from bankers and merchants in the United States report a continuation of expanding trade and whilst this remains so the quotations for the better stocks should not fall away. The speculative position in New York has been eased by the transfer of a number of accounts to this side where the fortnightly settlements give greater freedom as against the daily settlements in Wall Street.

Anxious as we are to see a genuine revival of interest in the South African mining market we regret that the immediate activity has been chiefly concerned with Rhodesian propositions which in our opinion do not warrant the present prices. A great deal has been made of the statement by Professor Gregory at a meeting of the British Association that the reef on the Rhodesia Banket Company's properties is the true Rand banket formation. We should strongly urge investors not to be influenced by statements of this nature as even assuming the formation is as claimed there is much work to be done before the shares can justify the present price. Those who are behind the market movements are extremely astute market manipulators and the public is no match for them. We should prefer to see the market develop along the lines of well-known companies the properties of which have been thoroughly proven and are capable of close valuation. Among these we should consider Angelos, Angelo Deep, Kleinfontein, Casons, Durban Deep, City and Suburban as specially worth attention and we are satisfied that there are many other shares of producing mines or of mines on the eve of production which are cheap at present prices. Let the public keep to propositions of substantial merit and we shall hear less of the disappointments of the Kaffir market and let the financial houses do less promotion and more real work. Outside of the mines of the class we indicate there are many legitimate speculative investments in ground lying on the Eastern and Western Rand, but these must necessarily be in the nature of a lock-up investment and the investor should take expert advice before buying.

INSURANCE.

HOUSE-PURCHASE SYSTEMS.

THERE is much that is attractive about the combination of assurance with the purchase of house property. A number of schemes of this kind have been put forward in recent years, but they are frequently presented most prominently by Life assurance companies in which comparatively little confidence can be felt. The method is that money is advanced on mortgage to the extent of about two-thirds of the insurance com-

pany's valuation of the property, and that a Life policy is taken which cancels the mortgage when the policy becomes a claim. In the meantime the company undertakes not to call in the mortgage so long as the premiums and the interest are paid. As compared with the rent paid by a tenant the expenditure is not very much more, and in some cases the combined payment for interest, premiums and repairs does not amount to the rent; while at death the house becomes the property of the man's estate.

When the amount required on mortgage is substantial and the property is of a good class, there is no difficulty in arranging such a contract as this with any insurance company and the best office for Life assurance may be selected. With very few exceptions, however, the best companies do not make any feature of this class of business. The security they require scarcely meets the view of the man without any capital.

The house-purchase insurance companies have a variety of plans for providing the necessary margin between the amount advanced on mortgage and the value of the property. The policy-holder has to be insured for a certain length of time, or to pay a specified amount in premiums before he can obtain an advance. Any insurance company does practically the same thing, since the surrender value on a policy after a few years provides the difference between the amount advanced and the value of the property. Except for small property, with which the ordinary insurance companies do not care to trouble, the system can be worked to excellent advantage with almost any Life office. When, however, advances upon property are the principal investments of a company, and when the extension of the assurance business depends entirely upon the advance of money upon mortgage, there are many dangers to the company. It is fatally easy to make unwise advances, and the locking up of a large proportion of the funds in one class of investment, and that of a kind not readily realised, is a distinct source of weakness. It may safely be said that no Life assurance company which makes house purchase the principal feature of its business is desirable for Life assurance alone. Within moderate limits the business is, however, good for a company, as well as beneficial to the purchaser. Well-selected business of this kind leads to the permanence of the policies, and at the same time enables a company to obtain a high rate of interest, together with adequate security. Of course an advance upon property may be accompanied by any kind of assurance policy. The smallest annual outlay results from a policy payable only at death and with premiums continuing during the whole of life. At a somewhat higher premium the number of annual payments can be limited with the result that during old age the only annual payment is the interest on the mortgage. At a still greater annual cost endowment assurance can be taken, and the mortgage is paid off at the maturity of the policy at any selected age and then the house becomes the unencumbered property of the purchaser. Up to the present the best companies have not made it known to any appreciable extent that they are willing to do business of this kind, while on the other hand it has been much advertised by offices which cannot command unqualified confidence. The result is that the combination of house purchase and Life assurance has not been utilised by the public to so large an extent as it might be and as the advantages of the system suggest that it should be.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

THAT the Russian is three parts Oriental is still a prevailing idea, particularly among ourselves. To a certain extent where tradition is primarily concerned, this view is perhaps not altogether inaccurate. But it is, nevertheless, just the remaining non-Eastern portion in the Russian temperament and its particular shade of colouring in his character that constitute a puzzling, nondescript subject of study. No man escapes his fate—so runs the national proverb. Let a sympathetic hand but uplift this fatalistic veil and reveal the true Russian as he really is, and we are

at once confronted in one and the same individual with highly perplexing alternations between despairing fatalism and nervous impatience; between passive resignation and seething, unbridled passion. Like the climatic phases of his country, the Russian can be frigid to a point of moroseness, and yet under the canopy of chilling snow there nestles a warm undercurrent of an enthusiastically prolific nature, ready to burst forth into ecstasy at the first glowing touch of a warm sympathetic sun-ray. To the revolutionary propagandist, who knows well how best to handle this sensitive material, the half-educated Russian presents an easy prey. The mental development of the educated Russian on the other hand is usually so expansive and filmy, yet so elastic in its growth, that it resembles the budding and blossoming, not of a strong, hardy plant, but rather that of a quickly maturing, delicate exotic. This abnormal evolution of the national character is particularly observable in the fact that Russia's leading men in literature, painting and music have with few exceptions reached the zenith of their eminence before the age of forty. Pushkin (1799-1837); Lermontov (1814-1841); Koltsov (1808-1842); Gogol (1809-1852); are all names of men testifying to this peculiarly early efflorescence of Russian genius in Russian literature. Turgueniev lived longer than any of these authors, but his best works, notably "The Memoirs of a Sportsman", "Rudin", "Fathers and Sons" were all written before he was forty. Amongst Russia's greatest painters Ivanov, Fedotov, Kramskoy, again have all been men who died comparatively young, in the full vigour of their artistic creativeness, and if we except Rubinstein and Tchaikovski, the remarkable group of men who have built up Russia's modern school of music have all of them died in early middle age. The highly strung excitable Russian organism in its rapid mental development by excessive study, unsupported by a simultaneous process of athletic exercise, is in many instances overtaxed and rapidly succumbs to the over-exertion of the mind on the verge at times of suicidal mania. The abnormal conditions of social life, moreover, prematurely force open the floodgates of insobriety and dissipation and convert youths into blasé men almost before they are out of their teens. Small wonder then that the inherent vitality of mind and body should rise with the velocity of a rocket, only to burst into flash rays in the heights and as quickly descend, a mere charred rocket-stick of disenchantment and disillusion. Pessimistic from nature the Russian is not. It is his training, his education, and the surroundings of his early days, tending as they do to emancipate him prematurely in life, that have combined to earn for him the reputation of being a victim to despondency and abandoned pessimism. As a man of business the Russian exhibits the Eastern side of his nature in his utter incapacity to gauge the business estimate of time and responsibility. Thus his invariable answer to a hurrying, urging summons to be quick is eminently characteristic:—"Seytshäss", the only equivalent he has for our "immediately", translated literally simply means, "this hour". Nitshevò (matters not, never mind) is another term ready on a Russian's lips in all emergencies and occasions of mishap or failure. An izvoztshik for example, in his driving propensity "to cut corners" will on occasion capsize his sledge and pitch out his fare into a heap of snow, and recovering his legs, will calmly survey his victims, with the comforting, sing-song remark Nitshevò, barrin (Nitshevò, sir). Sale contracts and agreements among the native tradesmen are made as a rule by a mere friendly but significant grasp of the hand, po roukàm, as it is really called, from the word roukà, the hand, with its many derivatives signifying trust, sureties and so on. This mode of contract is as binding on the contracting parties as any legal document involving in its breach an endless nebulous litigation. "Il nous vient du Nord des femmes conquérantes", said Ste.-Beuve. One hopeful aspect in Russia's social condition is the present advanced position held by her cultured women. In no other country has the modern woman developed in so short a time with more pleasing results.

In force of character and brain faculty indeed she compares favourably with the average of her sex abroad

and certainly with her opposite sex at home. The latter however is appreciatively cognisant of this her prepossession and appeals to her essentially as his helpmate. In making these statements one leaves of course out of the reckoning that rich, cosmopolitan society said to spend its time chiefly at foreign gaming-tables, where woman is generally supposed to be a past-mistress in romantic or diplomatic intrigue. It is true these are the kind of Russian women dear to the foreign novelist or playwright, but in Russian life itself, broadly speaking, the type is happily rare. Although the modern Russian woman has attained a specific destination of her own, notably in literature, medicine and various branches of pedagogy, she still remains, in the truest sense of the word, an exemplary mother and the genius of the home. Unlike her American sister, she has, with happily few exceptions, known how to preserve her domesticity. In the upper and in the commercial classes she not infrequently helps to administer the estates, or as widow manages the business of her deceased husband and her voice is decisive as to the children's education, in which she constantly takes an active part herself. Amongst the peasantry, as has been remarked in this journal, woman, as head of a household, takes her place as an elective member of the village mir or home-rule commune; and she remains up to this day an adept in baking, preserving, spinning, weaving, sewing. Against these favourable aspects of feminine life in Russia, it must be confessed that the modern conditions of Russian society are adverse to strict morality in conjugal relationships. What would be looked upon in England as a cause for disruption of matrimonial happiness is perhaps too freely condoned in Russian eyes. Yet the actual standard of morality in this respect is probably on investigation not much lower than it is in other countries, but there is less hypocrisy evinced in the matter. Where in England the divorce court has to step in as a public means of deciding conjugal quarrels, the Russians are contented with a mutual understanding; and when the crisis of love rupture occurs they prefer in many cases to agree to live to a certain extent apart in their homes and ostensibly amicable to the world in preference to washing their dirty linen in public. When legal separation is necessary for the remarriage of one or both parties concerned a special appeal for divorce has to be submitted to the Tsar. Were this the law of divorce in England His Majesty King Edward VII. would have a truly colossal task before him.

Of the happy-go-lucky conditions of Russian married life, Maxim Gorki gives a graphically derisive illustration in his latest work the "Datshniki", a picture of bourgeois life in a summer resort. When Varvara Mihailovna, the heroine, rejects the advances of the philosopher Rumen, she simply tells him that she "is in doubt before life as a psychologist". Both she and he ignore the fact that she has a husband in the next room, whilst the latter takes it as a matter of minor importance that his wife should be receiving the attentions of a lover. No more trustworthy or true guide to the different social forces which have been at work in Russia during the last hundred years is presented to us than that to be found in the modern Russian novel. Whether intentionally or not the Russian novelist has clearly and subtly analysed the Russian woman's present rôle in relation to the Russian man, be she wife or mistress. Where man is pusillanimous and wanting in will power and initiative, woman is invariably drawn as full of purpose and moral energy. In her contact with man, she is depicted as rousing him out of his inertia into a sense of duty; she heightens and animates his ideals, fosters his ambitions, and as often as not eventually succeeds in leading him to self-conquest. Turgueniev's wonderful portrait gallery of women abounds in types and situations illustrative of these traits in woman. Dostoyevski also dwelt constantly upon the moral strength of woman in contrast to man's weakness and vacillation. Sonya, for instance, in "Crime and Punishment" gradually becomes Raskolnikov's very conscience. If he will but confess his guilt, and "take his martyrdom upon himself", she will never leave him, she will accompany him in his exile to Siberia. Finally his defiant, yet troubled nature is dissolved into tenderness, and strengthened by her faithful, enduring love.

In thus summarising the salient features of the Russian character both male and female, we have dealt with what we would call the typical Russian man and woman. The fact must not be lost sight of however that Russia is amply interspersed and besprinkled with foreign elements; so much so that it is absolutely necessary to differentiate between the true or Slav Russian and the rest of the nation. We must recollect that, in addition to the already existing mixture of peoples in the country, Peter the Great and his immediate successors imported a very great proportion of German and other foreign blood, which in the words of one writer was introduced into the land "like the foreign words Peter chucked in handfuls into the Russian language". This admixture of blood, which in many races (our own for example) has proved distinctly beneficial, in Russia's case has certainly not been conducive to improving the racial stock, though it may perhaps have served to stimulate the somewhat flagging energy and enterprise of the Slav. Russian blood does not mingle wholesomely at any rate with Western peoples. One striking effect resulting from such a blend has been to loosen the grip of the Russian national character upon loyalty to the throne and patriotism or love of country. For, the half-Russian-German born in Russia has no genuine sentiment of fatherland. On the contrary he is more than often inclined to despise all things essentially Russian. This naturally holds good amongst the class known as the "intelligentsia", amongst whom, it may be observed, most of the extreme refractories are to be encountered. In the reforms insisted on by this semi-foreign element there is little or no homogeneity, no care for religion, no unity of purpose. The "intelligentsia" and their apostles formulate their ideas from lessons taken from abroad, they estimate their grievances according to Western standards, and whilst they omit to balance and weigh their demands with the past history and sacred traditions of their adopted country—its national tendencies and ideals—they are equally at a loss to propose schemes of reform that might be suitable for the condition of the bulk of the people and the commonweal at large.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

MAKING COPY OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.

THE critics of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book have set us pondering an ethical problem. We cannot thank them, for we had already, of problems, what we have heard called "an elegant sufficiency". Put shortly, the problem suggested by the reviews is this: "How far, if at all, is it right to make copy of your neighbour?" We have not done it ourselves, so we cannot know how wrong it is: but for the reviews, it would not have dawned on us that it was wrong at all. It has been done so long, so often, and so well, that we accepted it as farmers do rabbits, as a matter of course. Taught by the reviews, which seem to agree that Mrs. Ward has not been playing "cricket", we see that this view is unmoral. "What everybody does must be right" is as unsafe a dogma as "What everybody says must be true".

Still, there is great power in a precedent, and Mrs. Ward can, if she think it necessary, take shelter under the shadow of great names. Sie ist die erste nicht, not by any means. The English novel, as the word is understood of the people, is about 160 years old. In that 160 years, who has not been accused of making copy of his neighbour? Dear old Dryasdust, often so much more readable than the authors he annotates, will tell you who sat for the portraits of Parson Trulliber and Colonel James, the breed of Miss Howe's bantams, and the name of the farrier who was not allowed to dock Sir Charles Grandison's Flanders mares. He knows the names of all Smollett's doctors, and even of his unspeakable sea-captains. At a later date Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Peacock, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, all did it. The difficulty would be to make a list of those who did not do it. We remember indeed one great novelist, Anthony Trollope, who in his Autobiography says that only once, in an early book, did

he draw from a model. To us, of little faith, it is difficult to believe this. But it is a great feather in his cap that he and, as far as we know, he alone could draw and draw so well from life.

As far as the reviews are concerned, he might have saved his labour. We remember when "Phineas Finn" came out that it was in everybody's mouth that Mr. Turnbull was Mr. Bright, Mr. Gresham Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Daubeny Mr. Disraeli, &c. For, however ingeniously you may evolve men out of your inner consciousness, somebody will fit the cap on—his neighbour. And here really lies the trouble. The people who were measured for the cap never turn a hair. Who ever heard that Hill or Arcedeckne complained till Thackeray tried to set his heel on a real viper? Then, we grant, they turned, and said "You're another". Poor dear Harold Skimpole would have enjoyed "Bleak House" if some damned good-natured friend had not discovered he was in it. We can never quite forgive Dickens for the ungracious kick with which he dismisses Skimpole. We fear he was not "descended in a right line from Bayard". In another case having drawn a somewhat ill-natured portrait in an early number, he made amends in the sequel by loading little Miss Mowcher with virtues, till "Comedy wondered at being so fine". But he at least saw no harm in drawing from the model. Did he not induce Forster to ask him to meet a learned counsel at lunch, and write next day "I think I have got him pretty well, considering I only had one sitting"? The result was Stryver in the "Tale of Two Cities"!

What, if we grant that we must not make copy of our neighbour, are we to do? There seems to be, as a late statesman used to say, three courses open to us. First, to evolve from our inner consciousness. With most of us this would ensure immunity from criticism, since we should never get further than the publisher's reader. Granted the genius which would enable us to invent a man, we should be exactly where we are. His cap would be found by somebody to fit somebody else.

Second, to clothe moral, and immoral, qualities in everyday garb and set them golfing and playing bridge. Bunyan is said by Professor Cross to be one of the fathers of the English novel. Let us have a new Pilgrim: Heaven knows we need a new Bunyan. But if we think thereby to escape criticism, we are wrong. We have met in our life three ladies who know that they sat for the portrait of Alice in Wonderland. We had ourselves imported from Oxford a fourth theory as to the circumstances under which the book was written. As "Max" truly remarked Alice is not a portrait at all. Someone said of a portrait of Shakespeare that "It couldn't be like Shakespeare, because it wasn't like a man". Alice is not a child at all; she is the child. If indeed she had a prototype, it was Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop". Innocence surrounded by grotesques.

Third, to collect salient characteristics one by one and muddle up our dramatis personæ in them. This it will be remembered was the method pursued by Frankenstein. To save his eyes, he collected his materials from the finest specimens he could get at. If he knew that a gentleman lately deceased had been particularly noticed for his length of leg, he had those legs. Ditto arms and other accoutrements. But observe the painful result. No sooner did he introduce Frankenstein new to the world (we never blame people for calling the monster Frankenstein. Surely the motherless bairn had a right to its father's name?) than he was spurned as an undesirable alien. They did not proceed against him by bill, but by billhook. We have always pitied the monster, and wished that Mr. Barnum had met him and enrolled him as a Freak. Could we not name a good many literary monsters constructed on Frankenstein's plan? To revert for a minute to Mrs. Ward, one review said that Cliffe was a compound of Mr. Norman, Byron, and (thanks to the illustrator) Whistler. A delicate monster indeed! Like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once! "Mr. Norman" the review said "will laugh, and Byron and Whistler are dead". Dead? Yes—but

"Lay Byron here and Whistler thereabout,
For, if they both should meet, they will fall out".

Can anything be expected of our third method? We have a cure short, simple and heroic, but before giving it we should like to protest against the suggestion that the ordinary methods of fiction are wrong. I may, if I have the wit, write a fierce satire, naming my objects of attack, and be applauded. I may, if I can find an editor, attack in leading articles all and sundry by name: I may, if I can draw, twist the Premier's legs in egplantian convolutions, and add ferocity to the eyeglass, scrawl "Balfour" and "Chamberlain" underneath, and no one will blame me. Why may I not adopt Sir Tristram's method of disguise, and put them, as Mr. Furbie and Mr. Lanchebram, into a book?

The plea of "breach of privacy" is too thin in these days, when I am permitted to be an Interviewer! Permitted! If I write "Sovereigns whose cigars I have smoked", or "Begums whose boots I have buttoned", shall I not find a publisher, and will not the public read? Read! ye gods! how they will read.

And so to our cure. Novels have come—on a visit. "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse", and we doubt if they are a part of the eternal verities. They have only been here 160 years. But if he had timed his advent more judiciously, Mr. Henry Jenkins (who died 1670 aged 169) could have learnt his letters from the first copy of "Pamela", and employed his acquired accomplishment in the perusal of "The Marriage of William Ashe". But if they can no longer be written as they used to be, let them go. Let next spring find all our authors writing Odes to the Periwinkle and Sonnets to the Green Woodpecker.

OLD WATER-WAYS.

I.

LIKE the woodcocks I used to take my first flights across the Channel in the dark, and for various reasons. In the first place the passage by day was tedious at the best, and I could sleep tolerably through any ordinary weather. There were drawbacks no doubt, to be taken into count when the rolling pitched you off the slippery sofa on to the uncompromising oil-cloth of the floor. But we had to reckon the good against the evil, and on the whole the balance preponderated. In those primitive days there was an ugly rush for the only day boat at the eleventh hour and it was well to take time by the forelock. Most people preferred to travel by day. The steamers on the day service were far the more roomy, more powerful, and better appointed. Then the land travel on the English side was a serious business, with the chance of adventure and the certainty of squabbles with cabmen, from the start in West London to the embarkation on the coast. The South-Eastern had left the Bricklayers' Arms but had come no further than London Bridge. The trains were slow: the stoppages were lengthy, and it need not be said there were no arrangements to shoot out the passengers alongside of the boats. Even when the weather was favourable family parties and unprotected females had a rough time of it, in scrambling for the ship with the help of predatory porters, while keeping their eyes on the multiplicity of light packages. The weakest went to the wall, yet it was everything to be first in the race; there were no deck cabins to be secured in advance, and advantageous positions under the gangway and elsewhere in which to be sick in relative comfort were at a premium. The horrors in one of those overcrowded boats in summer after a breezy middle passage can only be hinted. So with a man at a loose end, to whom time was little object, by taking a later train for the night boat, all that was avoided. It is true you might have troubles of your own, but you were committed to nothing. At any rate you made sure of a leisurely dinner, and could meditate further movements over coffee and a cigar. Like other travellers you had rather anxiously read the signs of the weather in the drift of the smoke from the chimneys and the streaming of the flags in the harbour, but what always scared me were leaden clouds and the watery breath of a south-westerly wind. When I first knew Dover the Ship, in the centre of the sweep of houses and quay embracing

the harbour, was still to the fore and still fashionable, though Birmingham the proprietor, moving with the times, had built himself a magnificent rival in his Lord Warden. It was in the Ship, in Theodore Hook's novel of "Jack Brag" that Jack finally gave himself away to his patron Lord Tom, whose eyes were at last opened to his absurdities. It was from the Ship I took my first departure for Paris. I had never been in Paris and was eager to get there. Everything was ominously calm that night and not a drop of rain had fallen. In spite of Birmingham's friendly warnings, a fly was ordered round from the yard. Half way to the harbour the storm broke with a deafening crash of thunder, the rain came down in torrents and flooded the fly through the window sashes. Too proud to go back, turned out at the pier end, before we had sprinted over the short distance to the little paddle-boat we might as well have struggled ashore after swimming the Channel. That was an exceptionally bad case, but you often had to brace yourself to face similar disagreeables in a mitigated form. Handy as the Lord Warden was to the pier, unless you could have chartered a sedan chair, in rough and watery weather there was no hope of getting dry on board. The rattle of the great panes in the dining room, dimmed and encrusted with salt water, was a warning of what you might expect. Be it remembered there were no good wraps then: neither the frieze Ulster nor the thick railway rug had been invented, though the poncho which had a passing vogue was giving place to the flimsy Inverness cape. The stoutest umbrella was turned outside in as the rain streamed down the neck of tight-fitting Petersham or Chesterfield: the Macintosh was pasted to your soaking legs like so much gold-beater's leaf.

If embarking might be a nuisance and even a misery, disembarkation was worse, for in free England at least you were unfettered by the formalities which welcomed you on the French side, and on the whole were fairly independent of the flow or fall of the tide. The Calais and Boulogne of to-day, with their imposing railway stations and spacious wharves, have been absolutely transformed. Then after negotiating the narrow entrance and navigating the winding channel between barnacle-covered piles festooned with sea wrack, the victims of the mal de mer might have to scale a slippery gangway at an angle approaching the perpendicular. Beset by vociferous touts, with sullen gendarmes for masters of the ceremonies, you were marshalled between the ropes that kept off the gaping crowd to face the ordeal of the passport bureau and the custom house. That ordeal passed, you were tumbled into omnibuses and driven off to the train, where in cramped coaches crowded to their utmost capacity the seats had again to be fought for. Then there were no coups to be secured by extra payment and tipping, and at Calais especially the primitive refreshment arrangements gave but an indifferent idea of the French cuisine.

But it was at Calais that the Company of the Chemin de Fer du Nord took the first step in the way of reform. There was a time when the certainty of comfortable and convenient night quarters there tempted me to take to the day boats. Four capital bedrooms had been built over the refreshment-rooms at the station, upholstered from Paris with couch and writing-table: the cooking left nothing to desire and some of the specialties in second-class vintages were undeniable. Now as then, I always associate Calais buffet with Grève, which would be cheap if the price were tripled. You slept well, breakfasted luxuriously à la Française, and secured one of the best seats in the train before the advent of your flurried countryfolk. The sole difficulty was the passing of the evening, and there Boulogne had decidedly the advantage, for you could fall back upon the cosmopolitan Hôtel des Bains: though the Bains before the abolition of arrest for debt was somewhat perilous quarters for the unsophisticated youth of social proclivities. Calais is historically associated with the sojourn of Beau Brummell, the most highflying of debtors, hopelessly over head and ears, who solaced himself in his exile with collecting all manner of costly knickknacks, while unblushingly levying tribute on the friends of his prosperity. Boulogne with its plurality of cheap hotels and boarding-houses was frequented by impecunious

hordes of an humbler pitch but at least as rapacious and far less scrupulous. There were birds of prey who made the hotels their hunting ground, whose swagger and semblance of gentility were their stock in trade, for there was always the chance of some pigeon to pluck. And even then Boulogne was already patronised by the cheap tripper. When I spent a pleasant summer as a boy at Ramsgate, I remember how I used to watch from a balcony in Wellington Crescent a steamer—the "Black Beetle" was her sobriquet, but I forget her real name—painfully crawling across, deep laden with Cockney excursionists. Calais offered no similar attractions. If Rosherville used to advertise itself then as the place to spend a happy day, Calais might have backed itself at long odds as exceptionally eligible for a dull one. Yet there were youths in easy circumstances and primarily addicted to pleasure, who used habitually to go in for the Calais-Dover crossing from sheer delight in adventure and danger. I spent a fortnight on the Dover heights shortly before the Crimean War, as an honorary member of the mess of the old 42nd. Among the gallant subalterns of the Black Watch were some of Her Majesty's hardest bargains, though if they betook themselves to larking in peace they were always spoiling for war. The sight of the French cliffs irresistibly tempted to excursions strictly forbidden, and they trained for campaigning in a fashion of their own. They would saunter down carelessly to the harbour when the Calais boat was casting off, keeping a sharp look out for colonel or adjutant. A rush into the crowd and they dived below, not to emerge till they had passed the pierhead. And all they got for the return ticket, was the chance of a rough and tumble on the waves, the certainty of a scrambling and unsatisfactory lunch, and the possibility of being befogged on the homeward voyage with all the awkward consequences of absence without leave, under aggravating circumstances.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

THE THEATRE REVISITED.

A FRIEND of mine, an incurable invalid, once told me that he never awoke in the morning without a vague hope that he was about to find himself quite sound and well. Rationally, he was aware that his case was hopeless. But (let us be thankful) our souls are not much swayed by reason; and my friend, to the last, never lost faith that, one night while he lay asleep, the shattered mechanism of his body would somehow right itself. Even so, year by year, when I return from my annual holiday, I am buoyed up by a lively hope that the British drama will have been gloriously transformed in the interval. Reason whispers to me that I am a fool. She is right; but I do not heed her. Why should not there have been a miracle? Looking back on the past theatrical season, I am ever convinced that it cannot be explained on rationalistic principles. Only by a miracle could so much rubbish have been accumulated in so short a time. Why should not we now be in for a golden shower of good plays? It is in this sanguine mood, annually, that I approach the first theatre to which duty calls me. And what a blight awaits me!

This year my first theatre has been the Adelphi. The play there is called "Dr. Wake's Patient". I do not say that it is below the average of our drama. To me it certainly seemed to be so. But this may be merely because bad things are less tolerable after one has had a respite from them. Nor was it so much the relative badness of the play, as its familiarity, that oppressed me. Here was the old familiar stock-pot, still simmering in position, with the same old odds and ends afloat in it, sickening us with the scent of the same old thin and greasy decoction. Here, as ever, was a play that had been written, from beginning to end, without an effort to portray human beings. Stage yokels, stage aristocrats, stage lovers, were all a-growing and a-blowing for our edification. There were only two characters that had a spark of life in them, and they had very little to do. Mr. Gayer Mackay and Miss Edith Ostlere, who had written the play, impersonated

these two very subordinate characters. But neither the modesty thus evinced by them nor the great merit of their respective performances was enough to soften my heart to them as writers. Mimes ought not to write plays. (Let me explain, by the way, but once and for all, that in my criticisms I use the word "mimes" with no derogatory intent, and simply because, as a noun of common gender, it saves the time and space which would be wasted by "actors and actresses".) The reason why mimes cannot write good plays is that a life spent in and around the theatre is bound to sap the instinct for reality. The theatre (for many people, and for all mimes) has a potent charm—a charm far more potent than that of the actual world. Even the playwrights who never have posed behind footlights feel this charm strongly; and most of them yield to it without resistance, and let the actual world go hang. Some of them yield only after a struggle. Others hold out manfully to the end (which for them, in the present condition of public taste, is usually not far off). But, at least, all playwrights who are not mimes have the chance, if they will but grasp it, of doing some sincere work. Mimes are disabled from the outset. To them the theatre can never seem a mere vehicle for the representation of life. Life, from their standpoint, is a thing that must be adjusted to the requirements of the theatre. And to their roseate vision the requirements of the theatre are nothing more nor less than their own requirements. "Sympathy" and "situations" are what they require above all things. It is dear to them to be dear to an audience, and to do (or have done to them), perpetually, things which surprise the audience very much. Whether they be like human beings, and whether their goings-on, active or passive, reflect any goings-on in the outer world, they pause not for a moment to investigate. Nor, indeed, are they qualified to conduct any such investigation to a successful issue. Humanity they have put aside, with other childish things. They know and care nothing about the human race, except that fraction of it which constitutes "the audience". How to win the maximum of applause, on the cheapest terms, is the problem for them. And, to do them justice, they generally manage to solve it. Certainly, Mr. Mackay and Miss Ostlere, between them, have solved it triumphantly. I never heard applause more frequent and more delirious than it was, a few nights ago, at the Adelphi. Let me adumbrate the terms it was won on.

There was a young man, named James Forrester Wake, who was the most fashionable physician in London. He may not have been so very young as Mr. Charles Hallard made him, bounding ever and anon so electrically up and down the staircase of old Mr. Wake's humble cot, in which he was spending his holiday. But even if he had reached the top of his profession, as Mr. Hallard reaches the top of the staircase, in practically one bound, he must have been old enough to cut a less childish figure than is cut by him throughout the play. A young lady is brought to the cot, suffering from a sprained wrist. He attends to her injury, and loves (and is loved by) her at first sight. But he wishes to tidy himself, and bounds to his bed-room, and so long is he in tidying himself that when, at length, he rebounds into the parlour, the young lady (impersonated by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and by her endowed with a quite extrinsic charm and reality) has left the cottage in company with the two stage aristocrats who are her parents. She has not inquired the name of her benefactor. Nor does she suspect that he is the son of the two stage rustics named Mr. and Mrs. Wake. After a lapse of time, during which the two lovers pine, each wondering who and where the other is, we see the famous physician raving about his beloved to a perfect stranger who has come to him for medical advice. His beloved is nearer than he supposes. She is even now in the waiting-room. Instead of sending someone to the cottage to inquire the address of her benefactor, she has been pining so intensely that the stage aristocrats have insisted that she shall consult the famous physician. Lo! here she comes. Mutual, but suppressed, joy. Lady Gerania (such is her name) is ordered to a salubrious watering-place; and, a week

or so later, while we watch her recuperation, lo! here comes Dr. Wake. But there are rocks ahead. She has reason to suppose that he loves another. He, for his part, sees her in another's arms. These necessary misunderstandings having been cleared up, and the marriage arranged, enter the two stage rustics. It never occurs to Dr. Wake (whose professional practice, though it must have given him considerable experience of the world, has left him little time for studying the theatre) that stage aristocrats are ever loth to let their daughters wed the sons of stage rustics. In the simplicity of his heart, he imagines that Lord and Lady St. Olbyn will see nothing at all amiss in Mr. and Mrs. Wake, who (she with a Scotch accent, he with a sort of Devonshire one) can talk only about cattle, pigs, and poultry, except when they are talking about their son. And so, when, without a shadow of misgiving, he has brought the two old couples together, the shock caused in him by Lord and Lady St. Olbyn's surprise, and by their withdrawal of their consent to the marriage, is so terrific that he goes straight away with his parents, leaving Lady Gerania in the lurch. Next day, she follows him to the cottage. But he will none of her. He loves her, loves her madly, but will not fly in the face of stage aristocrats. One of these, the father, presently arrives in pursuit, and has to cope with old Mr. Wake, who is now in great form and announces his intention of selling up his farm and emigrating to Canada, in order to remove the Earl's objection. Not that he is ashamed of himself. On the contrary, he is as proud as ever of his yeoman lineage, and makes free use of the entries in the family Bible, pointing finally with special pride to the entry of "James Forrester Wake, only son of Andrew and Martha Wake" (an entry paralleled only by the words of the departing hero to the heroine in a melodrama which I once saw, "Where am I going? I am going forth to the Thirty Years' War".) So affected is Lord St. Olbyn by the notion of Mr. Wake going forth to Canada that he straightway withdraws his objection to the marriage. And King Edward, telepathically, has been so affected by the whole business that he, with his unfailing tact and forethought, has graciously decided to confer on Dr. Wake the honour of knighthood. The telegram containing this news arrives just before the fall of the curtain.

Comment on this masterstroke were waste of words. On the play crowned by this master-stroke comment were wasted also. But I may express my disapproval of those critics who, capable of appreciating things that are not cheap twaddle, can yet bring themselves to apply such epithets as "pleasant" and "charming" to such a play. Flattery of this kind debases not merely the currency of words. It debases, also, the currency of plays. So long as educated people profess to be pleased in the theatre by cheap twaddle which they would frankly spurn anywhere else, they are not likely to get the kind of plays which would give them true pleasure. I appeal to them not to dally doatingly over lumber, but to help me in clearing it away.

MAX BEERBOHM.

POOR WAGNER AND STRAUSS.

A FEW years ago, on a bright sunny morning, a young gentleman, having obtained possession of my private address, honoured me with a visit. As at the moment I was hard at work perpetrating an article for the welfare or ill-fare of the readers of this REVIEW I very politely requested the young gentleman to say what the deuce he wanted. Gravely taking a seat—which he seemed to find comfortable though it was taken uninvited—he adjusted his spectacles and looked at me through them; and having reduced me to a fitting state of submission—not to say contrition—he proceeded to explain. He had heard of me as a musical critic, he said; and having studied music for some years he himself desired to become a musical critic. He was aware that any knowledge of music was rather an obstacle in his way, but had I influence enough to get him a post on some important newspaper? No, he had never written, but he had strong and novel views on the function of criticism. You may think me

daring, he continued, even rash, but my view is that a critic can only say or write about music what he himself thinks and feels, and he must check his judgments and keep them balanced and sane by applying his knowledge of counterpoint, harmony &c. and of the everlasting canons of the art as deduced from the practice of the great masters. And this strong and novel view of criticism having been triumphantly expressed he gleamed at me through his glasses until I knew not whether to laugh or to cry. Even Wagner was not altogether too advanced for him. He then departed, receiving my assurance that I would see what could be done for him.

This trivial incident has been brought back to my memory by an article I have just read in an American publication. It is entitled "Wagner and Strauss" and the name of the author is given as Platon Brounoff. That was not the name of my caller, yet I am convinced that my caller and the author are the same gentleman: he is a little less than Cerberus: he is only two "gentlemen at once"—so far as I know. For bumptious pretentiousness, ignorance and platitudinousness the thing would be difficult or impossible to beat; and I cannot imagine how such a paper as the "Musical Courier" allowed it to appear in its pages. If it is meant to be taken seriously it is ridiculous; if it is a "spoof" article, a practical joke, it is ridiculously long.

What is the mission of music? asks Platon Brounoff. "In my opinion the mission of music is to produce, through combinations of beautiful melodies and harmonies, such impressions on human beings as will give them æsthetic pleasure, uplift them and make them feel happier than before".

Here is a new and startling definition for you. But much depends on it; for Platon Brounoff's object is to prove that the music of Richard Strauss and Wagner does not fulfil the proper mission of music. So we may immediately learn as follows. Wagner was "the predecessor and the eldest of the two". He was born in 1813—true; from his early youth showed great inclination for music—scarcely true. He composed his first operas "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman" under the influence of Weber and Beethoven—"Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman" were not his first operas; and they were written under the influence of Spontini, Marschner and Meyerbeer. After his exile from Germany he wrote "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"—both were written before he left Dresden: the day he fled from Weimar he saw Liszt directing "Tannhäuser" and saw in him, as he himself records, his second self.

Having achieved these triumphant inaccuracies Platon Brounoff goes on: "Daring and iconoclastic as it may seem I shall now undertake to show that from the physiological standpoint and from the point of common sense and logic Wagner failed completely in his alleged revolutionary achievement, the creation of the music-drama by the combination of the three arts: painting, drama, and music." "Daring and iconoclastic" this programme may be, but Platon Brounoff scarcely lives up to it. He gives us the stale old hypothesis of the origin of what we now call music, a hasty sketch of the growth of opera which is silly when it is novel and ancient when it is not silly (he omits all mention of Gluck), and a series of magnificent non sequiturs to prove that all opera or music drama is absurd, illogical. "I will now endeavour to show" or "I will undertake to show" occurs frequently, but the endeavour is never successful and the undertaking is never carried out. Nothing is shown. The whole of the bumptious opening of the article with its pretence of strictly logical procedure might as well have been omitted: it has nothing to do with the case. The man simply does not understand the merest elements of the art about which he preaches so loudly. He does not understand that art consists entirely of conventions. He objects to the lady in "La Traviata" singing while she is dying of consumption; real victims of tuberculosis don't do such things he says. He won't have the last scene of "Aida" on any account. "Did you ever see people buried for life singing duets?" he asks. Has anyone ever seen anyone else buried "for life"? Desdemona sings "after death" in "Otello". Does she indeed? Platon Brounoff might do worse than indulge in a glance at the libretto. The description of

Wagner's later methods is simply childish. The conclusion of the whole matter is this:—

"The singer, his hero, tells in a recitative the story of the plot or his own adventures. Viewed intellectually, the hero must interest his audience by his narrative; he must hold their attention while they follow the thread of his story. Does Wagner succeed in doing it? No! because while the singer is telling his story in a monotonous recitative which makes you feel dull and tired, the orchestra, supposed to describe the psychological situation, knocks out every possibility of hearing the singer's words. The terrific noise produced by the brass and other instruments drowns everything, including the idea and the plot of the drama. The audience is puzzled as to what it all means."

And with this the article ends, without Richard Strauss being discussed, though I note the ominous "to be continued".

Of course one sees that the whole thing is a clumsy spoof and that the writer means to go on to satirise those who do not care for the music of Strauss. But, the pity of it! What an opportunity missed for the sake of an inept joke! Yet one must be forgiving: when the funny man of a paper is paid so much a week to be funny at all costs he is apt, if his inspiration is off, to have recourse to this sort of thing. Why not give us a proper statement of what Wagner meant to do and how far he succeeded? It might be made quite as amusing at the expense of the Philistines; it might help to disabuse the public mind of the notion that the beginning and end of Wagner's labours was to make opera more realistic; it might insist that all art is based on conventions and that, as I once remarked, all conventions appear ridiculous when they are superseded by newer ones. Of course people do not habitually sing in everyday life; of course no one ever talked as the characters in novels and plays habitually do; of course no picture in the world, looked at through a microscope, ever looked like nature. Accept the convention and the true artist gives you an impression of true life: life beautified by his own spirit, "seen through a temperament". No creator changes the convention within which he works simply to become more realistic: he changes it because he has something new to express and the old one no longer serves. No one is puzzled by Wagner's form; his form is simplicity itself; no one is puzzled by the form of Richard Strauss. We love Wagner because of the beauty, passion and drama of his complete artwork, the total effect of the various elements of his operas, the interest of his subject matter; some of us detest the music of Strauss because it is not beautiful, has no passion, and because the stuff of it is destitute of interest. The argument that because Wagner was at first condemned and afterwards found to be good therefore Strauss must be good because he is at present condemned is a piece of abject nonsense. Handel was praised in his time and died a wealthy man, and yet his work endures. Haydn was praised and is not entirely forgotten. Mozart was popular; Beethoven was the pet of the aristocracy. That is not the test: there is no test. We must like what we like and leave it to posterity to like what it likes. The problematical likes or dislikes of posterity need not concern us: sufficient for us is it to choose for ourselves. Such arguments as Platon Brounoff's waste one's time and only show what the funny man will do when funny subjects are lacking.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MOTOR-TOURING.

V.—THE DAY'S JOURNEY.

IT is well on starting for a motor-tour to form some general plan for each day's journey—how many miles should be covered, the hours at which one should set out and arrive, and so on. It makes a wonderful difference to the comfort and success of the journey if these details are all roughly settled beforehand, so that the driver has his instructions and plan of daily work. And first, as to the number of miles to be covered. It is

assumed that the object of the journey is not to travel over as much ground as possible, but to see and enjoy as much as possible. This means that one should not only not travel too fast, but should leave enough margin on the daily time-table to allow for the exercise of a little caprice, and for the indulgence of the fancy of the moment in the matter of stopping and delaying for a little in some pleasant place. The novice at motoring should be warned that there is no temptation so powerful as the temptation to keep going on. The sanest people suffer from it; delays (if the temptation be yielded to) become matters of vexation; the driver will always discourage them, and look discontented if he is asked to slow down or to stop. But delays are one of the joys of true travel; and to be able to stop on the shoulder of some mountain road, and quietly take in the view; to go slowly through some enchanting valley, to pause wherever and whenever one has a mind—these are among the real and too-often-neglected advantages of the motor-car as a travelling carriage. Who has not looked out of a railway train, as it flies past woods and villages, beside quiet rivers and lonely roads, and not longed at this point or that to arrest its inexorable progress, to alight and rest in some sunny glade seen in a flashing moment, to go back and recover some suddenly revealed, suddenly lost glimpse of beauty, and to take up one's dwelling there for ever? But the train, bound to its time-table, rushes headlong on like Old Time himself, heedless of our longings and regrets, and only pauses in some smoky dismal town, where we are glad to turn our eyes from the view. With the motor-car, on the other hand, we can be masters of our own fate; we can pause here, hurry there, go back even (though this requires a rare degree of moral courage) to visit some glimpse of happiness afforded by our flying progress; and therefore it is well to make our plans so that the convenience of our journey as a whole be not disorganised by this pretty indulgence of the moment.

One hundred miles a day is an average rate of travel that will combine plenty of progress, change, and variety with the ability to pause and hurry when we will. Putting all questions of law on one side, an average of twenty miles an hour is as much as can be accomplished with comfort; and even the maintenance of that average will involve travelling at thirty miles an hour over a good part of the road. This chiefly applies to travelling in England, where the conditions of the roads, and the frequency of villages, make anything like a steady and even rate of progress impossible. People who wish to keep accurately within the letter of the law must not expect to average more than fifteen miles an hour over their day's journey; and it is only fair to say by way of warning, that to average twenty miles an hour means pretty fast travelling over part of the road. As most English roads exist, the speed is constantly changing. Here one spins along a straight open bit for half a mile, there plunges into a twisting, high-hedged road where it is impossible to see a hundred yards in front, and where ten miles an hour is as fast as we can go with safety; now we are on downs, where there is nothing to prevent a spin at as high a speed as you please, now running through a village street, with children playing under our very wheels, and where even a crawl has its dangers. All this reduces the average of speed, and must be remembered in estimates of distance.

To start early in the morning, and break the back of the day's travel before lunch, is one of the secrets of a successful tour. Travel is full of small pleasures; and among them this of setting out again every morning is ever fresh and delightful. In that early hour we have all the day in anticipation; what we shall do, what we shall see, where we shall stop, in what kind of country we shall find ourselves—these are preoccupations of unfailing pleasure and interest. A new day! Montaigne loved the thought of it so much, that he wrote more than one essay on that idea; and to the traveller, who lives in the future, whose eyes are ever on the road before him, it is indeed the shell or envelope of all his joy. The day in which we can correct the mistakes of yesterday, in which we shall breathe new air, visit new scenes, see new faces, taste new flavours—that is a day worth beginning early, worth waking up eagerly to

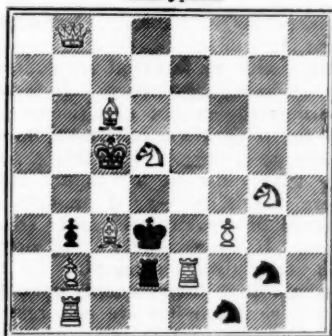
begin, a day that is continually rubricated in our life—to-morrow.

Say, then, that we actually set out at nine, and stop for lunch at one, we can if necessary cover eighty miles, and have only twenty to finish in the afternoon. It is more likely that some pleasant deliberation or delay will reduce our morning run to sixty miles, leaving forty, or whatever the extra number we may wish to cover, for the afternoon. English inns are not attractive enough to tempt the wise motorist to lunch at them, unless, indeed, he have a passion for cold beef, Cheddar cheese, green wineglasses and flies; it is here that the luncheon basket is happily produced, with its possibilities of an open-air meal by the wayside, with a stroll afterwards along some tempting by-path. For exercise should not be forgotten or neglected on a motor tour; and a daily walk before starting in the morning, and after lunch, in a new country adds in no small degree to the health and success of the tour. If we start at three again, we can run twenty or thirty miles before tea-time; and it is wise on a fine day so to spin out or compress the journey as to arrive at one's inn at about seven o'clock. That brings us to a bath and dinner without anticlimax, and gives time for an evening stroll afterwards, if the long day of fresh air in wind and sun has not made us too sleepy. And "to-morrow is a new day".

CHESS.

PROBLEM 40. By E. G. CARPENTER.

Black 5 pieces.



White 10 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

PROBLEM 41. By A. TROITZKI.—White (five pieces): K-QB2, P-QR4, P-KB4, R-KB5, Kt-KKt7. Black (three pieces): K-QB5, Kt-QB4, P-KB7. White to play and draw.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 39: 1. Q-Q5. If Kt×Q, 2. Kt-Kt5. If 1. P×Q, 2. Kt-B6, &c.

The following game, which was played in the Ostend Tournament, is deserving of considerable notice on account of the high encomiums which the champion of the world passes upon the winner. After outplaying his opponent in the early part of the game, he was forced to meet a most ingenious attack upon the part of Janowski when the slightest error must have proved fatal. However, the defence was quite as ingenious and proved to be a winning attack. Black's resources under difficulties may be admired but should in no way detract from a full appreciation of Teichmann's conduct of the whole of the game.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

White	Black	White	Black
Teichmann	Janowski	Teichmann	Janowski
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. Kt-B3	Castles
2. P-QB4	P-K3	7. R-B1	P-QKt3
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	8. B-Q3	B-Kt2
4. B-Kt5	QKt-Q2	9. Castles	P-B4
5. P-K3	B-K2	10. Q-K2	R-K1

All the efforts of the players have so far been directed towards placing the pieces in such positions as

will afford mobility to each individually with an eye to co-operation when the necessity or opportunity arises.

11. KR-Q1 BP×P 13. B×P Kt-Q4
12. KP×P P×P

As indicating the economy of energy animating both players it may be pointed out that this is the first instance of a piece being moved a second time.

14. B×Kt P×B 18. R-K5 R-B1
15. B×B R×B 19. QR-K1 KR-B2
16. Q-Q2 Kt-B1 20. Q-K3 P-KR3
17. R-K1 Kt-K3

The necessity for this move makes it quite clear now that black is in difficulties. White was threatening Kt-KKt5 which piece could not be captured on account of the threatened mate. Dr. Lasker says "the treatment of the game by white shows the touch of an artist. Every one of the twenty moves made by white is chess commencement de siècle".

21. R-R5 Q-B3

Rather than submit to the attack which white is preparing on the king's side black here sacrifices a pawn so as to be able to change the venue.

22. Kt×P B×Kt 26. P-KR3 R(B1)-B3
23. R×B R-B7 27. Q-K8 ch K-R2
24. R-QKt5 Kt-B5 28. Q-K4 Kt×P ch
25. R-Kt3 Q-B4

Again, rather than exchange queens and remain a pawn minus black sacrifices a piece now for an attack which only just fails.

29. P×Kt R-Kt3 ch 31. Kt-R2 . . .
30. K-R1 Q×P ch

By attacking the queen here black of course has no time to play R×BP, which otherwise would have won.

Black's game is now hopeless.

31. . . . Q-B1 33. P×R P-B4
32. R-QB3 R×K

If Q×P, 34. R-KKt1 wins easily.

34. Q-Q3 K-R1 39. P-Q5 Q-KB2
35. R-K5 R-KB3 40. Kt-K7 ch K-R1
36. Kt-B3 K-Kt1 41. P-Q6 R-K3
37. Kt-R4 P-B5 42. P-Q7 Resigns
38. Kt-B5 Q-Kt2 ch

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND READING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

British Museum, 8 September, 1905.

SIR,—I have read with interest your article on "Public Libraries and Reading" which appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of 26 August. Although I agree with much that you say, yet I cannot bring myself to join altogether in the pessimistic views to which you incline.

In the first place, I do not think that at the present stage of their growth we can look to the free libraries to do much more than they are doing. Certainly the books which they add to their stores should in all cases be carefully selected, and there is no call upon them to compete with subscription circulating libraries in providing the latest literature (particularly fiction) for their readers. They have time before them, and there is no reason why they should not avail themselves fully of the advantage and make their selections with due consideration. If, as you allege, there is little discrimination shown by the managers of free libraries in this selection, then everyone will admit that those officials are failing in their duty, and the remedy should not be far to seek.

But, as instruments of education, free libraries, I venture to think, are on the whole fulfilling their mission. Let me quote a passage from your article: "The public has not shown very much desire to read anything but fiction, and indifferent fiction. But there is a residue which wants to read serious books too costly to be bought by working men and the existence

of that element justifies the free library system." Everyone who has given a thought to the subject will agree entirely with the sentiment of the latter sentence. It is that contained in the first sentence which invites argument in its relation to free libraries. One of the chief functions of these libraries, it may be conceded, is that of encouraging the habit of reading and the love of reading, particularly in the younger generation, and for the proper exercise of this function a lending department is absolutely necessary. Books, to be of real good, must be read at leisure and in the quiet of home. And, to encourage the habit of reading, a generous supply of fiction is likewise necessary. When you express doubt whether novels ought to be allowed out, I venture to think that you are mistaken. Human nature being what it is, fiction must always occupy a large space in the general reading of the public. That the public should choose to read indifferent fiction is to be deplored; but bad taste in the public can only be improved by education and personal cultivation. It will not be cured by stopping the issue of novels from free libraries. If for the ninety-and-nine who persist in reading trash there be one who is converted to better things, something has been gained. When the love of reading is once implanted, fiction alone will not satisfy the literary craving. As a means, then, to an end, a lending department will I hope always form part of a free library; and it is probable that the ratepayers will always insist on it. On the other hand, it is also to be hoped that in course of time the reference departments will outbalance in importance the lending departments in free libraries and will constitute their chief feature. Then free libraries will have become the real libraries which we should wish them to be.

To revert for a moment to the bad taste in public reading, however flagrant and universal this may be, may we not hope that there are more who have not bowed the knee to Baal than might be supposed? You very properly call attention to the cheap reprints of English classics which are now appearing in so many rival series. "Books", you say, "which have stood the test of time are to be bought in excellent format: the cheap reprint of the classic no longer demands the sacrifice of the reader's eye". If there were not a ready sale for such reprints, would they be issued in such numbers?

As to the ordinary subscription circulating libraries, there is not much to be said. The world would be very little the poorer if they were all abolished to-morrow. I have no doubts "whether they encourage appreciably the reading of good books". I imagine that very few persons subscribe to them with this view. They are commercial undertakings, and it is to be presumed that their managers understand best where their interest lies. If therefore they stock rubbishy novels and trivial literature, they must do so because such a course pays. And when you say that "they (the circulating libraries), and they alone, make possible the appalling outcrop of bad books, inaccurate books, dishonest books, on topics of the moment", I think that you are laying at their doors the sins of others as well as their own which are quite heinous enough. The circulating library is certainly a potent agency for the floating of such inferior literature as you describe; but, surely, the ignorance and bad taste of the public, the vanity of scribblers, the wiles of the speculative publisher, and what not, must also count as factors in the undesirable result. That the circulating library encourages "a slovenly and slap-dash skimming of books which everybody is talking about", is unfortunately true enough; but must we not search deeper for the origin of the "skimming" condition of mind? Is it not rather the fault of the age that we "skim" most things? As a nation we are "skimmers" in making war, "skimmers" in army reform, "skimmers" in politics. I believe that an Englishman, if he chooses, can be as thorough as a man of any other nation—not even excepting that pattern of modern thoroughness, the Japanese. But unhappily he does not choose; and in his reading, as little as in anything. At the present day we appear to do nothing thoroughly but cricket, football, and bridge (I observe that the SATURDAY REVIEW has instructive articles on the last), and it has been said with some justice that to the ordinary

Briton a country-side match is of more importance than a struggle on the battle-field which may influence the course of the world's progress for a hundred years. We have to "muddle through" somehow!

Nor do I altogether lay it to the charge of the circulating library that the public has ceased to buy books. There are other causes besides. The res angusta of a large proportion of the middle class, the depreciation of fixed incomes, increasing claims in various directions entailed by the conditions of modern life—all conduce to straiten the domestic library. Are we not also rather paradoxically reverting, with the progress of modern civilisation, to the practices of the primitive Scythians:

"Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos"?

And is not the burden of books a grief to "families removing"? Our forefathers could collect their libraries in their homes without much fear that they might have to carry them with them about the world. Things have changed. Light marching is the order of the day.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
E. MAUNDE THOMPSON.

STRUGGLE AND STABILITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The address of Professor Darwin "endeavoured to sweep under one great generalisation what is called evolution in plants and animals, in political institutions, in the physics of molecules, atoms and electrons, and of planets and suns and stars". If such a generalisation be possible it follows directly that consciousness has no part in itself—as something higher than force or energy?—in the evolution of the universe and the key to the riddle must be purely mechanical. Any such theory, I submit, is non-Darwinian.

Darwin starts with the fact that nature itself gives us variation as to living organisms. It is certain that material environments cannot give rise to variations in living organisms unless those organisms have precedent power or capacity to vary. Now this capacity in the organism to vary must be a "blind" capacity—the result of mere instability?—or it must be something akin to a reserve of capacity constantly struggling for self-expression. If we assume in the organism this reserve of capacity always struggling for self-expression and assume that environments cannot of themselves originate variation but are only restrictive, permissive or favourable to this self-expression, then we have a possible explanation of variation.

Darwin says "there are two factors: namely the nature of the organism, and the nature of the conditions. The former seems to be much the more important; for nearly similar variations sometimes arise under, so far as we can judge, dissimilar conditions; and, on the other hand, dissimilar variations arise under conditions which appear to be nearly uniform" ("Origin of Species", p. 6, 1876). Here we see the reason of certain variations from the nature of the organism itself and if we consider also the innumerable restrictive, permissive and favourable influences of environments we see the reason for the almost infinite variations which experience teaches us do arise. And if the organism is always struggling for self-expression—for freedom from and ultimate conquest over its environments—its always increasing complexity of form and specialisation of function may be explained.

So far I express but a pious—or impious—opinion. But I submit there is strong evidence in support of the contention that this reserve of capacity does exist and is constantly—with advancing victories in evolution—struggling for self-expression.

If we consider the evolution of the living organism from some simple form up to the organism man, an organism so complex in form and highly specialised in function, we find that its relation to its environments constantly changes and evolves. This relative evolution is marked by the gradually advancing freedom of the organism from mechanical subjection to environment and by its gradually advancing command over environments. With the simplest form of living organism the action and reaction between it and its environments may be said to be almost purely mechanical. But as

the organism evolves it begins to use its environments for its own purposes: the spider weaves its web, the bird builds its nest: the ant constructs its granaries. We find material taking forms and being used for particular purposes which could never have been but for the conduct of living organisms. Proceeding to the organism man we find still greater freedom from the restrictions of and still greater command over environments. We find, indeed, that man can even originate new or modified forms of life. Shortly, we find with the evolution of the organism in complexity of form and specialisation of function, an accompanying evolution of command over its environments, so that we may contemplate in the future a time when man or some ultimate evolved organism will have absolute command over its environments.

How can this be explained if the capacity for variation in the organism is "blind"? Merely the result of mechanical instability? What is it in man which already exercises such vast authority over matter and force? Surely it must be something not matter or force, something superior to both? It is a fact, though not generally known, that Huxley himself believed not only in matter and force but in consciousness as a thing in itself.

How can we compare an atom or molecule which is the passive subject of matter and force with man who is already in great part master of matter and force? And when we find that in considering the evolution of man in complexity of form and specialisation of function this form of evolution is accompanied by a concurrent evolution of human command over matter and force, how can we apply the same theory of evolution to the atom or molecule, when at all stages of evolution the atom or molecule is equally a slave of matter and force?

Pure Darwinism leads up to belief in some ultimate Power—consciousness?—which is the timeless origin of variation and natural selection. Professor Darwin, apparently, points to mindless mechanical action akin to that suggested by Professor Hæckel.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE CAREFUL COPYIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Netherwood, Godalming, 11 Sept., 1905.

SIR,—Tordelaguna (perhaps on the analogy of Tordesillas?) is the form used for Torrelaguna by Ximenes himself in his will; it is used five or six times by his secretaries, writing apparently from his dictation, also by Robles and Quintanilla. Placentia is the Latin form of Plasencia and occurs both in Alvar Gomez and Peter Martyr. These forms were probably as familiar to Ximenes and his contemporaries as Plasencia and Torrelaguna (if indeed the latter was known to them), and for this reason, I suppose, Prescott adopted them. The writer of the book in question was clearly following Prescott and aiming at these forms. I am sorry that I did not put Plasencia and Torrelaguna in brackets by the side of the obsolete Placentia and Tordelaguna.

As to "the Asturias", I find in Bárcia, "Diccionario de la lengua española" (Madrid, 1880), "las Asturias son la patria común", cf. Madoz, xii., 496. In the Spanish of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "las Asturias" seems as common as the more correct "Asturias", v. Mariana, "Historia de España", passim; as I was writing my former letter I had a volume of this book before me, open at a page on which these words occur, "Villaviciosa, pueblo de las Asturias". The expression is said to be a survival from the days when there were three Asturias, comprising the entire territory north of the Cantabrian mountains.

This loose use of the article found its way into English early and has at least the justification of antiquity; the Ambassador of Henry VIII. to the Court of Charles in a letter dated 1517, writes of "the Hasturies", and I notice the same use even in so modern a book as Burke's "History of Spain", edited by Major M. A. S. Hume. The expression has there-

fore more justification than Mr. Cunninghame Graham's analogy of "Wales" would imply.

As to the phrase "Infante Ferdinand", I fear that not being a purist, the mixture of Spanish and English did not make me shudder as it should have done. I must admit to a prejudice against translating a foreign word by an English word similar in form, but usually different in meaning. That I am wrong, however, is shown by Murray's Dictionary, which recognises Infant as an English word and marks Infante as not naturalised: I believe however that I was sinning in good company. Prescott at any rate is on my side.

If I may refer Mr. Cunninghame Graham to the preface of Burke's "History of Spain", he will find my reasons for preferring Ximenes to Cisneros better expressed than I could hope to express them.

Finally I did not hold up Prescott as a model of accuracy; on the contrary I hinted that it was sometimes advisable to examine his authorities.

Mindful of the proverb "Quien con su mayor burló, primero rió, y despues lloró", it is not without fear that I send this letter.

Yours obediently,
H. WARNER ALLEN.

KELLERMANN AT VALMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Stone, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks,
12 September, 1905.

SIR,—May I correct a slip in your issue of 9 September on a point which is of importance just now? At page 328 you speak of the raw recruits of the Revolution repulsing at Valmy Brunswick's veteran troops. The army of Kellermann which bore the brunt at Valmy had all its artillery (the decisive arm that day), all its cavalry, and almost all its infantry composed of the troops of the old army of France. The few battalions of volunteers with it were men of the 1791 levy, who had been a year under arms, serving with the regulars on the frontier. The battalions of this levy almost always contained a large proportion of men of the former militia of France, practically regulars, besides a number of men who had served in the army of the ancien régime. The credit of Kellermann that day lay in the fact that he got his regulars to stand, although they were in a very nervous state, having been shaken by the disorders of the Revolution and by the emigration of so many of their officers. The really raw levies of 1792 sometimes fought, often ran; and were always a curse to the armies and a terror to the generals until they were seasoned and absorbed. No one was so strong as to their uselessness as Kellermann himself.

Your obedient servant,
R. PHIPPS,
Colonel, late Royal Artillery.

THE VARIATION OF LATITUDE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Holmwood, Sutton Coldfield,
12 September, 1905.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter by Mr. T. W. Kingsmill in your issue of 19 August, in which he refers to a theory worked out by himself in 1897 on "The Dynamics of Geology", and adds that it "not meeting the views of the Geological Society of London has remained unpublished". At the end of his letter he further states "that a short paper sent home but a few months ago . . . was refused a hearing by the Geological Society of London".

Mr. Kingsmill must have made some mistake. I have been secretary of the Society since 1897, and every paper formally submitted has been read by me in MS. before being laid before the Council. No such papers have been through my hands, and none have been before the Council. And no paper formally submitted to the Society by Mr. Kingsmill has been "refused a hearing".

W. W. WATTS,
Secretary Geological Society.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 September, 1905.

SIR,—I regret that in my letter of the 9th inst. I suggested that seventy per cent. of the rural schools were small enough to become liable to amalgamation by mixing the younger children. The mistake arose from a foolish miscalculation, which I fear that inexcusable carelessness alone could have overlooked. The inaccuracy is almost obvious, but lest it should be accepted by any of your readers, I beg you to correct it. The percentage would be more nearly twenty.

Yours faithfully, "IRISH CATHOLIC".

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 September, 1905.

SIR,—The diatribe which Mr. Runciman has seen fit to launch against organists in general in your issue of a few weeks ago, had escaped my attention owing to absence from home. At the first blush, one might be inclined to ascribe the writer's ill-natured and somewhat ill-mannered remarks to the supposition that he is himself one of a class of "disappointed organists who have failed to woo the muse", and whose own lofty youthful ideals have been shattered by lack of success; and who henceforth continues to vent his ill-humour and morose feelings upon the heads of an otherwise unoffending world of organists. Be that as it may, everyone who knows anything about the art of organ-playing is aware that the profession is one that demands simply endless self-sacrifice in the matter of application in order to reach anything at all like perfection. And in this over-wrought, feverish age, how few (comparatively speaking) there are who from a "sheer love of art" for its own sake, embark upon a severe course of study at all. The question that is constantly recurring, as the correspondence columns in any of our musical journals will testify, is "how long will it take me to do this or the other?" Mark, the inquirer is anxious to woo success in the shortest possible space of time. "Success"—not "perfection", as it was understood in the good old days of Bach and his disciples! Hence the fact that there must of necessity be a multitude of aspirants for recognition as "organists", the majority of whom are superficial dabblers who are heartily content if they can but command sufficient technical skill to "fumble" their way "through a service" without making an absolute "hash of it"! We have all of us, of course, met with this type of "organist". But, on the other hand, there is the conscientious organist, who makes it his business to shirk nothing, with whom the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of his art is not a question of time, who strives patiently from year's end to year's end after a perfect appreciation of his art. I am confident that we all have everywhere met with this estimable type of organist, who plays, say, Bach, not from a vain-glorious desire to shine as a miracle of digital dexterity, but rather from a love of the sacred musical atmosphere that must inevitably surround such a technically perfect performance of the works of the greatest contrapuntist that ever lived.

Yours faithfully,

OSCAR GAUER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to see the letter from Mr. John Wilson in your last issue and that from Mr. Oscar Gauer in the present issue. Both gentlemen are in entire agreement with me though they don't know it. I am not a disappointed organist: in my youth I was quite successful in a small way, and (vide agent's press notice) once an encore of my rendering of something was only averted owing to the fact that the performance took place in a sacred edifice. In my article I damned only the large class of organists of which Mr. Gauer speaks so strongly: I said there were exceptions. If Mr. Gauer and Mr. Wilson have found more exceptions than I have I congratulate them on their luck.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

REVIEWS.

THE GOLD OF AFRICA.

"The Geology of South Africa." By F. H. Hatch and G. S. Corstorphine. London: Macmillan. 1905. 21s. net.

SOUTH AFRICAN geology, no less than South African politics, presents many problems. There is, for example, the well-worn riddle of the Dwyka Conglomerate. This rock, which underlies the whole area of the Karroo, cropping out round its edges, consists of a mass of pebbles and boulders, mostly of igneous rock, imbedded without any order in a fine matrix, which also, when examined by the microscope, appears to be composed of igneous material. Small wonder that the earlier investigators, and indeed geologists of repute down to 1889, considered the conglomerate to be of volcanic origin. The vast extent of the formation, and the peculiar association of fragments so different in size and composition, were always objections to this explanation, and when it was observed that not only were many of the boulders finely striated, but that the rock-floor on which the conglomerate lay was nearly always scratched, grooved, rounded, and polished, the suggestion was made that it might have been formed by glaciers or floating ice, in the same way as the boulder clay of Britain. The undoubtedly great age of the rock, as proved by Carboniferous fossils in the overlying beds, was at first a difficulty; but irrefragable evidence has now accumulated to such an extent that our authors have no difficulty in convincing the most sceptical that the Dwyka Conglomerate is really an old moraine. Further, the direction of the striae on the polished rock-floor and the fact that rocks similar to those forming the boulders occur in situ to the north of this area, prove that the glaciers or ice-sheet must have flowed from north to south, while the great increase in thickness towards the south of Cape Colony suggests that the ice-sheet here had its southern limit during the greater part of the cold period. But, as usual, the solution of one problem merely starts another. If the Dwyka Conglomerate indicates an elevated continent to the north, the remains of both plants and animals in the immediately overlying Karroo rocks have been held to prove the existence of a continent stretching south-eastwards to Australia and north-eastwards to India, so that the flow of ice from the summit of such a continent towards South Africa would naturally have been in an east-to-west direction. Did this great continent exist at that time, or had it really the extension assigned to it? Perhaps the recent discovery of similar plants and animals in the north of Russia will cause a fresh reconstruction of the physical geography of that remote age, a reconstruction more in harmony with the Dwyka Conglomerate.

Messrs. Hatch and Corstorphine are wise enough to leave such vast speculations alone. Let us imitate them in turning to those problems which, in geology as in politics, are of more interest to the general reader. To him the Witwatersrand Conglomerate is already known as the source of most of the South African gold. How the gold got there is a question of practical as well as of scientific importance, for only by clearly understanding this can geologists prophesy the existence of paying quantities in other localities. The chief auriferous bed, the Main Reef, consists of pebbles of quartz in a quartzitic matrix, wherein the gold occurs as irregular angular particles, associated with pellets and crystals of iron pyrites. These pellets, from their resemblance to rolled pebbles, suggested to the earlier writers the simple explanation that the conglomerates were ancient alluvial deposits, into which the gold had come, along with the other pebbles, as the result of the wearing down of pre-existing auriferous rocks. The absence of nuggets, the regular distribution of the gold, and its constant aggregation around pieces of pyrites are serious obstacles to this view. Another idea has been that, while the quartz pebbles were being swept down to form conglomerates, gold and pyrites were being precipitated from the sea-water; but obvious difficulties have prevented adherence to this hypothesis by others than its proposers. The explanation favoured

by the authors is that "the gold, with the other minerals which now form the bulk of the matrix, was introduced by percolating waters into the interstices of the partially solidified conglomerates". It is admitted that many of the minerals found in the cement of the conglomerate must have come in by subsequent infiltration, and why not the gold also? "The limitation of the gold deposition to definite zones was probably governed by certain chemical conditions, for instance, the presence of a reducing agent in these and not in the other beds." In some cases the pyrites, and in others carbonaceous matter, may have served as the reducing agent. The Rhodesian gold banket is believed by Mr. Mennell, though not by the authors, to be of the same age as that on the Rand, and he has recently shown that the gold occurs there in the same way and is capable of the same explanation. It must not, however, be supposed that all the auriferous deposits in South Africa are of the same nature.

From gold to diamonds the transition is easy, but the problem presented by the latter is very different. Although the first South African diamonds were obtained from river-gravels, the majority of the present workings are in a peculiar, hard rock which fills vertical pipes scattered over a large district and penetrating the various stratified rocks, and occasionally igneous rocks, indiscriminately. The diamantiferous rock is composed of a large number of minerals, generally fragmentary, imbedded in a serpentine matrix, and contains also fragments, sometimes huge masses, of the rocks through which the pipe in question passes. This rock where it is weathered, near the surface, is called "yellow ground", but deeper down, where fresh, it is known as "blue ground". Throughout this the diamonds are scattered; but they vary greatly in abundance in the different pipes, while they are entirely absent from some where they would naturally be expected. Although the absence of ordinary volcanic ejecta renders it impossible to regard the pipes as the necks of former volcanoes of normal type, this objection does not apply to the theory that they were produced by explosions of gas or steam, and the latter agency would explain the mud-like nature of the blue ground. The diamonds, however, remain to be accounted for. Lecturing at Kimberley, Sir William Crookes has just repeated his suggestion that the diamonds were crystallised out from carbon dissolved in molten iron, a view which seems to involve the presence of more iron in the blue ground than the very small quantity found there. But, recalling the statement that Luzi has dissolved diamonds in the fused blue ground itself, the authors suggest that the deep-seated molten magma from which the blue ground welled up was the original solvent of the carbon and the first matrix of the diamonds. This theory seems to meet the various difficulties, including the curious idiosyncrasy in the yield from individual mines. Since, however, Sir William Crookes seems to have ignored the suggestion, one gathers that Luzi's experiments require confirmation.

From the days of Solomon or earlier still the history of South Africa has been enormously influenced by these precious products of the earth. But when all the gold and diamonds shall have been picked up from Tom Tiddler's ground, when prospectors, diamond merchants, and Chinese shall have left the scene, what other hopes does the ground itself hold out for industrial or agricultural enterprise? Fortunately it has less sensational sources of wealth. A kind of bog-iron-ore is constantly forming in many places and, in the Middelburg district of the Transvaal, includes thick beds of limonite and hæmatite, which may prove of economic importance. Workable ores of iron, tin, copper and other metals also occur in many of the older rocks. The beds just above the Dwyka Conglomerate contain numerous seams of a fairly decent coal, and though the seams vary from place to place, still the authors are justified in their remark that "the whole of central South Africa is practically one enormous coal-field". As yet water is not scarce enough in South Africa for its supply to be a geological question; nevertheless the dolomite found chiefly in the Transvaal, but also in Cape Colony, deserves mention as the great water-carrier of the country. Its underground channels

and caverns give rise to nearly all the perennial rivers of the Transvaal and may perhaps be made to yield an increased supply. The riches then are there; who shall gather them? Not the people with the best guns or the bravest troops, but the men with the most profound knowledge of nature's workings and the greatest skill to apply it. The recent rapid advance of geological investigation in these countries is a good sign for the future, and towards the continuance of that progress no better aid can be asked than the admirable summary provided by these two most competent geologists.

MINOR CAROLINE POETRY.

"Caroline Poets." Vol. I. By G. Saintsbury. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is possible quite sincerely to admire enthusiasm in others without feeling the least inclination towards the same enthusiasm ourselves. We can and do applaud the zeal for true literary criticism and for scientific literary history, which prompted Professor Saintsbury to reprint and edit the minor Caroline poets, but we cannot and do not pretend to endorse all his conclusions as to the merits of the four included in the volume before us. It might even be questioned whether "minor" were the proper term to apply to them. We have been wont to place such men as Marvell, Vaughan, and Wither among the "minor" poets of that period; Chamberlayne, Benlowes, Hannay, and Mrs. Phillips (at any rate the first three of them), if we thought of them at all, we relegated to the ranks of "minimi". This may have been due to mere prejudice, but even now after reading them in Professor Saintsbury's edition we find no good reason for altering their epithet from the superlative to the comparative. But we cordially agree with the arguments set out in the general introduction to show the necessity of taking account of little writers as well as of great, if the growth and development of a literature are to be really understood; and at first we were prepared to commend Professor Saintsbury's self-sacrifice in undertaking his present long dull task. However, it soon became clear that he did not expect commiseration: he is convinced that the work ought to be done, and then he immediately makes not a virtue but a pleasure of the necessity. He is like the sportsman who would as soon tramp alone over miles of marshland on the chance of picking up a snipe or two, as shoot a thousand brace of pheasants out of coverts which he knows beforehand are well stocked. That is real enthusiasm; that is the kind of enthusiasm a man must have, if he would work carefully through, say, Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida".

This is a poem of some fourteen thousand lines—about the same length as the *Odyssey*—telling a story which its editor admits is hardly worth reading for itself. For what then is it worth reading? Everyone of course is entitled to his own opinion in such a matter, but we cannot allow that the occasional picturesqueness and clever imagery balance the tediousness of the narrative and the prevalence of the defects, habitual in the Caroline period, of sliding such monosyllables as "to" and "the" even before consonants and of using barbarously coined words. Moreover the composition is slovenly and inaccurate and the thought often hopelessly confused. It is written in "heroic couplets", a metre which, like the Latin elegiac, certainly does not tend to lessen the monotony of a long uninteresting story. Yet it is for its metre that "Pharonnida" is most valuable, as illustrating the structure of the heroic couplet before Dryden; Professor Saintsbury makes a point of this, and indeed we venture to think that it might well have been still further elaborated, though strictly it is more proper to a *History of English Prosody*.

Benlowes, though Warburton and Butler seem to have gone beyond the bounds of fair criticism in their attacks on him, is also not an easy poet to read. "Theophila", his chief work, is a religious poem, full of the rather vague metaphysical language which is notoriously characteristic of his time, and it is not made any the more attractive by the strangely unrhymical stanza which he affected. Hannay is more

readable than Chamberlayne and Benlowes, because he is less profuse and obscure; some passages both in "The Nightingale" and in "Sheretine and Mariana" show real power and poetical instinct. But, as Professor Saintsbury points out, he had all the common faults of his contemporaries. In fact in the introductions to all the three far more space is devoted to a statement of the reasons why they should be considered bad poets than to arguments proving that they are not so bad as they have been thought to be.

Mrs. Phillips' verses are of a very different quality. Orinda, as she called herself, and her friends added the epithets "matchless" and "incomparable" to the name, seems to have been a gentle, affectionate creature, and her poems were a silent protest against the blatant affectations of the age in which she lived. She enjoyed both in her lifetime and after her death a higher reputation as a poet than she deserved. Her verses are pretty, but the thoughts which they express have none of the fire of inspiration. Yet she had a good ear for rhythm, and Professor Saintsbury has done well to call attention to her work, for she undoubtedly influenced the generations which came after her. Hers will probably be the most read of the poems which this volume contains.

The only fault we have to find with the way in which the editor has done his work is that in the general introduction we should have liked to find a fuller analysis of the characteristics of Caroline literature and of its relation to the periods next before and after it. As it is the book will hardly appeal to any except professed students of English literature, who are already more or less familiar with the details of its development. It will not do much to encourage more serious study among those who are but half-interested in the subject; there are many such, and they only need encouragement.

ORA PINSENT.

"A Servant of the Public." By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen. 1905. 6s.

"MOST books are stupid—at least the women in them are", says Miss Ora Pinsent, the public servant, in Anthony Hope's new book. Miss Pinsent herself was stupid, yet in ways that scarcely carry a reproach. Men found her stupidity, her innate indifference to worldly wisdom, an intoxication, and women found it, as women find so often the differences of their sex, irritatingly incomprehensible. As its title indicates the book is little more than Miss Pinsent's portrait. There are characters in plenty, drawn with the author's easy certainty of touch, and for the most part with his easy satisfaction with "surfaces". But they exist merely as a background for the central figure; they are very few of them unaffected by her, and they add reflectively a good deal to her illumination. Ora Pinsent is an actress, and one feels that the fact should somehow add more to our comprehension of her than it does. She has the temperament of her occupation; it is indeed in her case the peculiar limpidity of that temperament which makes her portrait so well worth painting. Yet her connexion with the stage helps not at all the problem of her being; she could have been what she was quite as well without it, and yet it seems as if, with it, she should be something different from what she is. It does not appear to set, in any way, its dreadful, self-conscious mark upon her, and one is inclined to think that her association with it was only to make more simple the story-teller's scheme. No one quite understands her; her creator, perhaps, least of all, since he sees all the ways of seeing her, yet does not quite see her in a way of his own. It is indeed no small part of the charm of his picture that he has left so much of it in the air. He understands her exquisitely in action, he "sees" her perfectly; but there his portrait of her ends. "She is just exactly what you happen to find her", her manager and second husband reported, and this is really about as far as we are taken.

Perhaps Ora would lose a good deal of her fascination if we were taken further, if we were shown the forces at work behind her irresponsibility. Her mind was all

in little separate compartments; you never knew which of them you would find open, but you did know it would have no relations with the others. That is practically where the author leaves us and her. He leaves even her morality, her very interesting and unexpected morality, sealed off in its own little space, without any working reference to the rest of her. One cannot help thinking, as a contrast, of the extraordinary completeness with which the character of another "servant of the public" was once rendered, of Miriam Routh in "The Tragic Muse". The portraits are quite incomparable, yet the memory of Mr. James' work makes one wonder if its method could be adapted to the fragility of an Ora Pinsent without some loss of her charm.

The finish of the story illustrates an art of which Anthony Hope is attaining real control. He gives by a very delicate succession of blunting touches, an admirable imitation of the dulling effect of time. He has done it before, but perhaps never quite so successfully, quite so uninterferingly, if one may so call it. It is rather a dreary sort of magic, but it is one very difficult to master. Here he has transposed, almost perfectly, from the big scale of life to the brief one of his pages, the insensible wearying by circumstance of a delightful passion; no rupture, no disillusionment; just wearing out. One can think of no one who could do it better, nor of anyone whose earliest efforts suggested the doing of it less.

MR. MASTERMAN ON "REACTION".

"In Peril of Change." By C. F. G. Masterman. London: Unwin. 1905. 6s.

ANYTHING that Mr. Masterman writes is certain of a favourable reception by his political opponents as well as his political friends. Those who differ most strongly from some of his opinions will be as ready as any to concede his many titles to recognition. He is genuinely in earnest in his advocacy of social reform, about which so many politicians on both sides talk much and feel little. He has studied the life of the poor closely, and has pleaded their cause with passionate conviction. He has moreover all the gifts of a very persuasive writer, and his style, always easy and attractive, rises sometimes to heights of a real eloquence. Mr. Masterman's defects are the defects of his qualities. Everyone remembers Macaulay's criticism on Mr. Gladstone's early essay, "His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary would have saved him from almost all his mistakes". This criticism might be applied word for word to Mr. Masterman. He has indeed more fundamental honesty than Mr. Gladstone ever possessed, and his eloquence does not involve him in such abysses of self-deception. But it continually baffles his understanding, carries him away into irrelevant declamation, and prevents him from reasoning as well as his acumen and ingenuousness would warrant.

This tendency to be enslaved by verbal magnificence shows itself very markedly in the comparison which he draws between Gladstone and Disraeli. One feels throughout that he is trying to be fair, and yet one feels as strongly that he cannot be fair. He cannot even for a moment do real justice to Disraeli. For Disraeli was pre-eminently a man who saw through words and distrusted them. Mr. Masterman, over whom words exercise a most injurious dominion, calls his acuteness cynicism and his distrust of words a distrust of "moral earnestness and enthusiasm". The great qualities of Disraeli are either denied or grudgingly and suspiciously conceded. But when the critic turns to Gladstone unjust suspicion gives place to indiscriminate eulogy. Gladstone was a master of that vaguely magnificent declamation which his disciple loves. Everything else is forgotten. Mr. Gladstone's blunders and inconsistencies, his Irish administration with its grotesque alternations of oppression and surrender, his miserable foreign and colonial policy, at once profligate and humiliating, are forgiven to him for

the sake of a few sentences of splendid and empty eloquence.

But it is not only in his manner of contrasting the great Liberal and the great Tory leader that Mr. Masterman's belief in the sufficiency of words and the rhetorical bent of his mind have led him astray. In a more subtle manner the same tendency has given to his whole view of modern politics its peculiar bias. Many of those who have succeeded in getting at the fundamentals of Mr. Masterman's creed, must have been disposed to wonder how he ever came to attach himself to the Liberal party. He cannot possibly, one feels, have much sympathy with the ideals of his associates. What is the force which has driven Mr. Masterman into the camp of those from whom he is most alien, the wealthy Liberal manufacturers and bankers, heirs of the Cobdenite tradition, the exponents of the barren destructiveness of old-fashioned Radicalism or of the ignorant irreverence of political dissent?

We believe that it is just the rhetorical way of thinking. Mr. Masterman personifies everything he dislikes in politics, art and morals under the name of "Reaction". He then identifies this "Reaction" with the Tory revival of the last two or three decades, attributes this revival to a passing outbreak of the selfish and brutal elements in human nature, and in consequence associates "Liberalism" with all movements towards just and humane reform. That we may not be accused of misrepresenting Mr. Masterman we will quote his description of what he calls "The Reaction". "Weary of the long effort of reform, a little bored by the strenuousness of the appeal to disinterested causes, conscious of the possession of unparalleled means of enjoyment, and of great possessions, the nation was evidently prepared for a new spirit, a new inspiration." This is rhetoric, not historical criticism. As a description of the causes of the great Tory revival it is absurd. No movement ever converted a great people and found expression in a noble literature which has no more inspired ideals than the promptings of self-interest and the desire of animal gratification. And the Tory revival was certainly inspired by very different motives from those which Mr. Masterman imputes to it. If we try to examine that revival without bias or favour, it will be seen that Mr. Masterman himself is as much its child as Mr. Henley or Mr. Kipling or any of those whom he names as its typical exponents.

Mr. Masterman calls it a reaction. But let us clearly remember what it was a reaction from. Obviously it was a reaction from the Liberalism of the mid-Victorian period. This Liberalism had many aspects and included many shades of opinion, but broadly there were three main doctrines with which it associated itself. First it maintained that the people ought to be entrusted with all political power and that when that power had been conceded all the wrongs and oppression of the poorer classes would cease. Secondly it held that religious organisations ought not to concern themselves with the State and that the State ought not to concern itself with religious organisations. Religion was to be considered as a private matter and any encroachment of its ministers in the domain of secular politics was to be watched with the utmost jealousy. Lastly it wished to circumscribe as much as possible the activities of the State itself, to protest against its interference in economic and industrial questions and to reduce its functions to the irreducible minimum of mere police-work. Being thus hostile to the State, and indeed denying the organic existence of the nation, it was naturally, as Mr. Masterman says, cosmopolitan and antagonistic to the sentiment of patriotism.

The Tory revival never attempted to undo the work of popular enfranchisement; indeed it could hardly make such an attempt without gross inconsistency, seeing that the most important step in that enfranchisement had been the work of Disraeli. But it did deny the efficacy of political privileges to solve industrial problems and, Mr. Masterman himself being judge, it was right in that denial. Moreover it challenged altogether the other two items in the Liberal creed. It insisted on the essential interdependence of Church and State. It magnified instead of minimising the functions of the latter. It was always, in the broad and philo-

sophic sense of the word, protectionist. It believed in patriotism and in the larger patriotism which we call Imperialism. It was natural that the Tory party which had never accepted the Liberal dogmas should enjoy increased political prestige when those dogmas were discarded by the nation. But the political triumph of Toryism was in truth only part of a general reaction against Liberalism in Church and State. The Catholic revival in the Church was one aspect of that reaction. It may be noted that Mr. Masterman, who sympathises with the Catholic movement, refuses to apply to it the word "reaction" which he uses so freely elsewhere, though it is surely quite as applicable in the one case as in the other. The same tendency has found expression in such organisations as the Christian Social Union with its insistence on the indissoluble union of civic and religious life. But the most striking offshoot of the "Reaction" has been the socialist movement. It was surely no mere accident that the same decade which saw the revival of Toryism under Lord Randolph Churchill saw also the foundation of the Social Democratic Federation and the Fabian Society, the growth of the New Unionism and the stirring of those social questions which had been lulled to sleep during the period of Gladstonian supremacy.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN TRANSITION.

"The English Church in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I." By W. H. Frere. London: Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

WE have been able to speak of the five preceding volumes in this important history of the English Church in terms of high praise. We wish that we could speak as highly of the present volume, which deals with the most critical epoch of the history, that in which the work of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. was carried to completion, to be but slightly modified at the Restoration of Charles II. Mr. Frere has written a scholarly and interesting book, but one singularly ill-proportioned; and his attention has been so keenly fixed upon the antecedents of modern thoughts and practices that we seek in vain for a picture of the actual machine which cumbrously began to work under the provisions of the Elizabethan Acts. Nothing is more necessary if we are to understand, and therefore to pardon, the administrative weakness of our Church than a knowledge of the system which was taken over by Cranmer and his successors from the earlier archbishops. Though they might heartily denounce the Pope as Antichrist and defer, with little consideration for their own dignity, to foreign Protestant divines, yet their constitutional position was unchanged from that of Arundel or Warham. They were among the strongest buttresses of the Crown, and their status was therefore maintained and adorned with the privileges which the Popes had claimed the right to exercise themselves or to bestow upon their legatus natus at Canterbury. The mischief of pluralities, not amended till the nineteenth century, was a part of the inheritance. The licence could always be bought for a fee from Avignon or Rome, and the archbishops retained the power in both English provinces. Permission could be obtained from Canterbury to hold two benefices not more than thirty miles apart in any diocese of England; and sometimes the distance was as elastic as the conscience of the petitioner. From this abuse sprang much, if not most, of the scandal of clerical neglect and of the poverty with which the clergy were too often and too justly taunted. Parson Adams was the inevitable counterpart of the non-resident pluralist. This is but one side of the complex and often ineffectual system which was continued under Elizabeth, and it was Mr. Frere's privilege, if he had risen to the opportunity, to explain how the English beneficed clergy, from the Archbishops downwards, have had an essential part to play in the life of the nation. He gives a useful hint when he reminds us that till 1813 the payment of local rates was enforced by an excommunication which had civil penalties behind it. But he uses the fact simply to lament the degradation of a spiritual censure. Yet the very prominence into which

the clergy were brought in secular affairs by their presidency over the vestry had much to do with the authority which surrounded them in the eyes of their parishioners, and no small share of the dignity of the parish assembly and of its officers was due to this public trust in regard to the poor, the roads, the capture of hedgehogs and the countless other interests of local life. An ancient parish church is as conspicuous a feature of English history as of the English landscape.

The Church is not only an institution but a living organism susceptible of change, and it is the historian's part to state and to account for its successive phases. How came it about that the practically wisest men of the reign of Elizabeth were so lukewarm in their Anglicanism? That Burleigh should have been at least half a Puritan, destitute of sympathy with the Church's spiritual claims and valuing only on political grounds its links with the past, is a striking fact and one that needs explanation, while it cannot be explained without more sympathy than Mr. Frere is able to feel with the men who gained for us a national Church, uncontrolled by foreign influences. Resolute government was necessary for this end, and was as effective in England as elsewhere in an age when the multitude was incapable of independent thought. Austria and Styria for more than a generation were as Protestant as Saxony, but were converted as promptly and even more completely than England by a strong and convinced ruler. More, however, was necessary than external force; a clear issue which all could grasp, accompanied and emphasised by a conspicuous change in the mode of worship, needed to be set before the public mind. If further development was to be possible this phase must be passed through; it was the inevitable preliminary to all that has followed from Laud down to the splendours into which Royal Commissions make inquiry. But unfortunately Mr. Frere's sympathies are narrow, and instead of tracing the main current of Elizabethan thought and practice he has lingered over faint survivals or abortive symptoms of future usages. And he has allowed himself to write with undue depreciation of modes of worship which were the natural expression of a certain type of Englishmen's religion. It may, or may not, be wise so to speak of homely services at the present day; to compare them to their discredit in the sixteenth century with those of English recusants or Catholics abroad is to fail to enter into the national mind of the age. Confusion of thought and unintentional anachronisms result from indulgence in distaste for a worship which satisfied Hooker. But Mr. Frere is more successful in describing the course of controversy. He is judicious in his selections from a very wide reading, and never falls into prolixity. The same praise may be given to his account of the fortunes of the Romish recusants, though he has sadly wasted his space upon this irrelevant subject. Yet these are poor substitutes for a comprehensive account of the establishment of a working system and of the lives and characters of those who helped and hindered it. It is strange, for example, that in the history of an Episcopal Church singularly few bishops should be mentioned by name. Mr. Frere has composed a very interesting but a very disappointing book.

THE HOME COAL-FIELDS.

"The Coal-fields of Great Britain, with descriptions of the Coal-fields of our Indian and Colonial Empire, and of other parts of the World." By Edward Hull. Fifth Edition, revised. London: Hugh Rees. 1905.

"Royal Commission on Coal Supplies: Digest of Evidence." Vol. I. London: Office of the "Colliery Guardian." 1905.

THE fact that the energetic if veteran author of this well-known book of reference sat as one of the commissioners on Coal Reserves in 1903-5 has led him to issue a new edition, in which the results of the recent parliamentary report have been included. The sub-title of the work is ambitious enough, and we know well what our German neighbours would have produced had they embarked on so serious an enterprise. Perhaps in

these islands we have less affection for the Abtheilungen, Bänder, and Hefte, which, in long succession, should describe the coal-fields of the world. Our miners and engineers prefer a crisp working summary, and Professor Hull's book has stood for this for many years. It is not to be expected, however, that the colonial and foreign portion has been revised in any detail for this somewhat "opportunistic" edition; and the quotations are mostly made from works published some thirty years ago. When we remember the criticisms passed upon Dr. Molengraaff for entitling a paper the "Géologie de la République Sud-Africaine" in 1901, we trust that Dr. Hull may be spared for writing of the "Orange River State" in 1905. We feel that papers published in Britain in regard to distant countries are still too often quoted, although considerable investigations have since taken place as the result of the growth of local surveys. Indeed, we are carried somewhat too far back at times, as when we read that "the coal-fields of Russia are considered by Sir R. T. Murchison to belong to the Lower Carboniferous period", as if subsequent work were unimportant; or when we are invited to regard the absence of man in Carboniferous times as a reason for the non-existence of "those orders of plants which refresh our senses with their flowers and fruits".

Is there, moreover, a genus of plants called Lycopodacea; are there strata so deadly as to deserve the name of "anthraxiferous"; and should the amphibia still be called reptiles, and the brachiopoda molluscs, by one who is careful to quote that Professor Huxley has divided the arachnida from the insecta? We do not feel clear, moreover, as to the succession of beds in reading some of the descriptive passages; this is notably the case in regard to the Ballycastle area, where it is implied that all the coals overlie the representative of the Carboniferous limestone. The comparison with the Scotch series, which are somewhat sketchily treated, might well have been worked out in greater detail. The introduction of a Middle Carboniferous series in the tables on pp. 46 and 47 complicates the customary classification; but here we find the Ballycastle field mentioned as in part parallel with the Carboniferous limestone, the position of the other part not being indicated. Dr. Hind's Pendleside series, if considered by the author at all, must have been regarded as too tentative for mention; but surely it deserves some place in latter-day discussions.

The reader will not turn to this book, however, any more than to the first volume of the admirable digest of the evidence of the Royal Commission, for information on the fauna and flora of the chief coal-producing epoch, or even for details as to this or that particular basin. The general comparison of the output and capacity of each area forms the most valuable portion of the work, and in Chapter xxxiii. we are encouraged to believe that the coal of the British Islands will hold out for our industrial purposes "for a long period to come". We are asked not to pin our faith to the estimate of six hundred years, which may be put forward on some grounds; but we confess that this period seems short enough in view of the immense importance of the matter in hand. It may be consoling to remember that most countries on the globe are badly provided with coal, and yet develop their own industries without it or by external aid; but it would require a radical revision of British industrial methods to begin work over again in a comparatively clean and smokeless atmosphere. Perhaps, when the Rand has been exploited, and the coal-seams of Lancashire have been worked down to the old Silurian surface far below, Boer and Briton will solve their difficulties by a mutual return to the most primary industry of all.

NOVELS.

"Vivien." By W. B. Maxwell. London: Methuen. 1905. 6s.

"Vivien" is, according to the publishers' notice, a "very remarkable book . . . the story of a girl's life, studied with a closeness that is perhaps both unusual and original". The "perhaps" is safe, but

it stultifies the statement. If by "closeness" is meant the inordinate length of the book, and the mass of detail accumulated for its composition, we might venture to suggest that such copiousness is the characteristic of many more or less well-known writers, Balzac and Dickens, or George Moore, to say nothing of the modern lady novelists, and can hardly be described as either "original" or "unusual". The notice further says "the writer has endeavoured to treat his subject philosophically, and has planned his work on a large scale". The "endeavoured" is another apologetic wave of the hand, covering pretentiousness with humility. The scale is "large", if we go by the number of pages, but the detailed hearsay information, the perpetual scene-shifting "from misery to splendour", the vast array of actors of all classes from the "duke hero" down to the poor thieving shop-assistant, give the effect of a Drury Lane melodrama not of a life history, a showy spectacle not a finely composed picture. It is the product not of a philosopher, but of a clever reporter, an emotional, wordy piece of work owing its success to cheap sentiment, a fine journalistic style, highly coloured and verbose, effective characterisation, and detailed and no doubt accurate accounts of life in smart Bond Street workshops, in sordid unfashionable "emporiums", and in the country house of a great lady—the description of the last being given with an appreciative relish which will delight the lover of society novels. Mr. Maxwell has depended for success on something far more popular than "philosophical treatment" of his subject, on a happy, conventional fairy-tale ending. He marries his heroine after she has endured a sufficient number of hardships with the dignity of the truly well-born, to a duke—young, handsome, a hero of the Boer War—a descendant of kings. What becomes of the pretensions of Mr. Maxwell, where is his boasted realism, his philosophical sobriety of thought? He could have done no more, or no less, if he had been the ordinary, unblushing purveyor of the sensational fiction, greedily absorbed in the servants' hall.

"The Harvest of Love." By C. Ranger-Gull. London: Long. 1905. 6s.

Mr. Ranger-Gull seeks apparently to be known for versatility as a writer of fiction. At times he seems to have scored something within measurable distance of success, and at times to have lapsed into work which has destroyed the hopes we may have formed. This novel will not enhance any reputation he may have established though it will in all probability satisfy readers with a taste for sentimentality and some other things presented in a rather exaggerated fashion. A variety of characters is introduced to us—a noble viscount who ekes out his patrimonial pittance of three hundred a year with a supplementary thousand or so by writing serial sensationalism for popular newspapers, and finds domestic bliss on marrying the actress daughter of an illiterate provincial auctioneer; a hero in the shape of a novel-writing public-school master; a successful novelist with an unhappy past; and a number of more shadowy persons, notably a brother and sister known as "the Babes", each of whom may be said to die of a broken heart, somewhat to the relief, by the way, of at least one reader. There are many attempts at smartness in the writing, but an air of unreality over the whole lessens our interest in the parts. Referring to Lord Wellwyn's sensational serials, Mr. Ranger-Gull says that the nobleman's friends "could not see that the taste for reading is quite a new thing among uneducated people. One does not abuse a pig who has starved for a week because he gobbles up the first potato parings that are thrust under his nose. He will discriminate when he grows fatter. In the wilderness locusts and wild honey are grateful enough. Chops and tomato sauce come when the oasis is won".

"Everyday Life." By Susan Constance Logan. London: Drane. 1905. 6s.

It is something to be thankful for that a book such as this does not come into the "everyday life" of the reviewer. In saying this we are only in part blaming

the author. She is, we gather, new to the work, and does not show any particular promise as novelist, but stories leading to such a judgment are all too common. Miss Logan's quality may be indicated by her account of how an Anglo-Indian well on in his third decade behaved when on returning to England he saw for the first time *the lady*. Leaving her presence "he crammed on his head a most disreputable old hat of the colonel's" instead of his own "glossy new one", he seized a lady's fancy umbrella instead of his own, and "walked madly on at the rate of five miles an hour" from London to Slough, unconscious of what he was doing, and all the while "one thought buzzed ceaselessly round in his head. 'What a little beauty, what a little darling, what a love, a sweet, a jewel. I must have her for my own, I will have her, I will never marry anyone else but that perfect girl; she shall be mine, I would rather die than not have her'". The author—not always intentionally—amuses us; the printer has done his worst, and annoys us from first page to last. Misprints are scattered about as in an unread proof, "decidly", "attemptit", "least", "household", and others; while the innumerable and quaint end-line divisions of words seem to show us our language in a new light—"ma-rried" "clim-bing", "toge-ther", "something", "lar-gely", and so on in numbers that compete with those of the misprints. We cannot say how authors feel about the presentation of their work in this fashion—purchasers of such a book have strong grounds for complaint.

"Captain Sheen: a Romance of New Zealand History." By Charles Owen. London: Unwin. 1905. 6s.

If Stevenson had placed the scene of "Treasure Island" in New Zealand, what might he not have made of the Maoris? The question is suggested by "Captain Sheen", a story of a quest after the treasure-chests of a buccaneer wrecked on the New Zealand coast. Mr. Owen has under his hand all the materials for a very pretty romance, but they seem to overpower him. The treasure-seekers are of a familiar type, and we even find a piratical chanty which is a faint echo of the Dead Man's Chest. But the Maori in their unbroken pride should have inspired something better than the chapters in this book. Mr. Owen knows much about them, but his Maori chiefs do not differ markedly from the stock Red Indians of adventurous fiction, and at times even suggest Mr. Rider Haggard's Zulus. Mr. Owen, in fact, has not the art to convey his knowledge and to re-create in his readers' minds the figures of a very distinctive race with a chivalry of their own underlying the fierceness common to all savage races. Again, he does not seem to make the most of his mountain scenery and his weird birds. His adventures bear the cry of the last gigantic moa—which takes longer than Charles II. to die—but the reader is reminded of the Last of the Gairfowl on All-alone-Stone in the "Water Babies", and that is not the effect at which the author has aimed. "Captain Sheen" seems to us a very fair book for boys, but not one of those books which the boy will never outgrow.

"L'Impossible Sincérité." Par Hélène de Zuylen de Nyevelt. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1905.

Truth without qualification may be impossible, which is not to say unqualified sincerity is impossible, but at any rate it is possible for most men to attain a sincerity which would restrain them from proposing to a girl in the hope of successfully negotiating a divorce before the new fiancée discovered the facts. Madame de Zuylen de Nyevelt's instance of impossible sincerity is unfortunate. In contrast to the abject hero the heroine, Beryl, would be attractive, had her author been able to endow her with life instead of merely hanging piles of attributes on a lay figure. A girl with those straight blue eyes would not have nearly died of chagrin when the man who had concealed from her that he was married, lying to her on his lips and in his soul, shot himself. She would have been glad that at least he had the decency to take himself away.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Pannell's Reference Book." London: The Granville Press. 1905. 6s. 6d. net.

"An endeavour to provide in one volume of moderate dimensions such information as is likely to meet the ordinary demands of persons of all classes": that in brief is the aim of "Pannell's Reference Book". It is a concise, comprehensive and so far as it can be tested in a general way trustworthy work. It comprises an English dictionary, an encyclopædia, a medical dictionary, a professional dictionary, a social guide, a legal guide, a commercial guide and an imperial guide. There are few things as to the heads of which one may require some hints which are not included in this volume. We do not agree with the editor that it is a book which is largely suited "for continuous reading and study" as well as for reference. It may serve to put one right on points of first-rate importance—a date, a name, a fact—but the idea of anyone sitting down deliberately to read its thousand odd pages of miscellaneous matter is little short of appalling. Its very merits as a ready reference book render it quite unsuited to continuous reading.

"Precious Stones," by A. H. Church (Wyman. 2s. 6d.), if technical beyond the understanding of the general reader in some chapters, contains passages of interest to the uninformed. Mr. Church has notes on various precious stones which are in small request as jewels and yet are curious and beautiful. He gives tables showing the comparative hardness of the precious stones and others illustrating the colours.

"Across the Moor." Original Mezzotint Engraving by A. C. Meyer. Artist's Proof on Japanese Paper. Limited issue. London and Bristol: Frost and Reed. 1905. 63s.

We are always glad to welcome a good piece of modern mezzotint, and this is a good piece. The sky has rather a dense effect: but the whole makes a fine study of trees.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Septembre. 3fr.

This is not a very interesting number—there is the beginning of a story by M. André Theuriot which promises well. M. Goyau supplies the opening article of a series on "Primary Schools and Patriotism" that should throw light on a problem of immense importance for the statesmen of all countries. He points out that after Sedan it was the fashion to attribute the spirit of self-sacrifice that had enabled the Germans to accomplish so much to the patriotic instruction the nation had received in its primary schools. The writer believes that the professional tuition at the universities had more to do with it. At the close of the war it was the custom for advanced Republicans in France to extol the public school as essentially the nursery of patriotism. The programme of Jules Ferry was to make the primary instructor also a "professor of military exercises" whose business it should be to "incline children's minds towards things military". A different spirit animates the Radical section in France to-day but M. Goyau lays down as the principle of all sound teaching in national schools that they should be dedicated to the exclusive service of the nation to assure the maintenance of its individual life and to cultivate in the people the sense of honour, thus they cannot be used as the seminaries of a party or as places where hostility to the army is cultivated, they will be real schools of patriotism not of vague cosmopolitanism. That such doctrines should need preaching in France to-day is strong evidence of the crisis she has reached in her destiny as a nation.

"L'Art et les Artistes." Septembre. Paris. 1 fr. 50.

The present number completes the first half-yearly volume of this excellent and quite up-to-date Art magazine. The opening article, by M. Miguel Utrillo, is devoted to that great but mysterious artist, Domenikos Theotokopoulos, better known by his nickname "Il Greco", who came from Crete—then under Venetian dominion—to Italy, during the latter quarter of the sixteenth century, and finally settled in Spain, where he painted his greatest chefs-d'œuvre. In "Un Monument à sauver", M. Robert de Souza protests against the threatened destruction of the "Hôtel de Rohan", one of the most interesting architectural remains of the early eighteenth-century Paris. M. Roger Peyre gives us a very good obituary of Jean-Jacques Henner, the distinguished French artist who died a few weeks ago.

BOROUGH HISTORIES.

"Cardiff Records." By J. Hobson Matthews. Vol. V. Cardiff: Published by the Authority of the Corporation. 1905.

The Corporation of Cardiff and Mr. Hobson Matthews may be warmly congratulated on the completion of this valuable work. This, the concluding volume of the series, contains matter of unequal interest. It commences with the Act Books of the Cathedral Chapter of Llandaff. These begin in the year 1573

(Continued on page 382.)

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(by the way we wonder why one so interested in pre-Reformation Wales as Mr. Matthews has not discovered the fate of the Chapter's mediæval records) and throw an interesting light on the history of the Welsh Church in Stuart days. The curious will seek in vain for church scandals, though in 1684 the Chapter asserts that it has all along been sensible of the manifold evils resulting from the continuance of the chapter entertainments in a public-house. The records show that both Welsh and English services were held in the Cathedral in the seventeenth century. The increasing poverty and weakness of the Welsh Church in the days following the "glorious revolution" of 1688 is illustrated by the discharge of the choir singers in 1691, after which date the "schoolmaster is appointed deacon to give the singing psalms for four pounds a year", a state of things which we may add continued to the middle of the nineteenth century. These ecclesiastical records are followed by the Minutes of the Cardiff Council from 1880 to 1897, after which come certain selections from Mr. Matthews' reports, one of which deals with the ancient boundaries of the City of Llandaff. Incidentally he remarks that to attack a cathedral city in the middle ages would have been regarded as "sacrilege". If so, the customs of both sides in Glyndwr's wars show that sacrilege was regarded as the most venial of sins. These essays are followed by translations from ancient chronicles and records relating to the Cardiff district. The volume also contains an account of the Cardiff Municipality and Corporation Plate by Mr. Robert Deane, a sketch with portrait of Christopher Love, the Presbyterian minister executed for "treason" under the Commonwealth, a schedule of place names and a list of Cardiff's M.P.'s, mayors and other officials. Among these M.P.'s figures the name of Algernon Sidney.

"Records of the Borough of Leicester, 1509-1603." Edited by Mary Bateson. Vol. III. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1905. 25s. net.

This volume closes the first series of Leicester Records. The oligarchy of seventy-two persons established by Henry VII. in 1489 for the government of the borough was superseded one hundred years later by the royal charter of Elizabeth which created the mayor and burgesses of the town. Ten years afterwards a second charter effected some alterations, giving to the twenty-four aldermen the right to elect a recorder and other officers, while the jurisdiction of the Portmanmoot and justices was more clearly defined. But, notwithstanding the privileges conferred by the charters, the Hastings family still exercised considerable authority as Stewards of the Honour. In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the Earls of Huntingdon occupied the place of the Earls of Leicester in the mediæval records. The third and fourth earls were successively Lords Lieutenant of the county of Leicester and powerful patrons and benefactors of the borough; and, although they were generous in making loans or giving money to relieve the poor, they frequently interfered in local affairs, and even in the choice of parliamentary representatives. In spite of the poverty of the borough large sums were constantly expended in feasting and presents to great personages, or paid to noblemen's players, bearwards, jesters and minstrels; on the other hand, rigorous, but useless, efforts were made for the repression of drunkenness, idleness and immorality; rogues and vagabonds were carted about the town and whipped; compulsory attendance was exacted twice a week, from at least one member of every household, at the sermons of the town preacher; on mere suspicion of witchcraft a woman was hanged, while another, found guilty upon a bastardy charge, after being paraded about the town and market place in a white sheet, was publicly anathematised by the preacher in St. Martin's church. Among other anecdotes we read that Leicester furnished a contingent of forty men, with arms and armour, at the time of the Armada; and that, five years later, the number of deaths from the plague was one hundred and seven. Miss Bateson has prefixed to this, as to the former volumes, a long and admirable introduction. The index, however, is occasionally inaccurate or defective.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of Barriball's "Essentials of French Grammar" in our issue of last Saturday the price of the book should have been given as 2s. 6d. instead of 3s. 6d. net, and the publisher's name as Ralph, Holland and Co. instead of "Ralf, Holland".

For this Week's Books see page 384.

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Helena (Mrs. H. D. Forbes). Blackwood. 6s.
The Winged Helmet (Harold Steele MacKaye). Dean. 6s.
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Roman Education (A. S. Wilkins). 2s. net; On Models of Cubic Surfaces (W. H. Blythe). 4s. net; The First Book of Euclid's Elements, with a Commentary based principally upon that of Proclus Diadochus (W. B. Frankland). 6s. net. Cambridge: At the University Press.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Immunity in Infective Diseases (Élie Metchnikoff. Translated from the French by Francis G. Binnie). Cambridge: At the University Press. 18s. net.
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The Transfer Registers will be closed from the 24th of SEPTEMBER to 30th of SEPTEMBER, both days inclusive. The Warrants will be despatched to registered European Shareholders from the London Office, and will probably be in the hands of Shareholders about 28th of October.

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

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14th September, 1905.

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

EIGHTIETH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 19th August, 1905.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1905.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,493,408.75, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,711,062.18.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which Fund will then stand at \$8,500,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors there remains for appropriation \$3,196,062.18, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Fifteen Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$622,222.22.

The difference in Exchange between 4/6, the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1/10s, the rate of the day, amounts to \$871,111.11.

The Balance, \$1,702,728.85, to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

DIRECTORS.

Mr. H. E. TOMKINS, the Honourable W. J. GRESSON, and Mr. E. S. WHEALLER having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, the Honourable C. W. DICKSON, Mr. G. H. MEDHURST, and Mr. F. SALINGER have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting. Mr. H. A. W. SLADE has been elected Chairman for the remainder of the year in place of Mr. TOMKINS, and Mr. A. HAUPT has succeeded Mr. SLADE as a Deputy Chairman.

AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. W. HUTTON POTTS and Mr. A. G. WOOD, who offer themselves for re-election.

H. A. W. SLADE,
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 8th August, 1905.

HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1905.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital	\$10,000,000.00	Cash	\$44,223,818.50
Sterling Reserve Fund	10,000,000.00	Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000	8,500,000.00
Silver Reserve Fund	8,000,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit	5,112,864.66
Marine Insurance Account	250,000.00	Indian Government Rupee Paper	2,378,061.98
Notes in Circulation:—		Consols, Colonial and other Securities	11,576,537.66
Authorised Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies	\$10,000,000.00	Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz.:—	
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinance No. 19 of 1900, against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government	5,993,312.00	£570,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols at 85	£484,500
Current (Silver)	\$76,300,659.70	(of which £250,000 lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve.)	
Accounts (Gold £6,045,747 6s. 11d. =)	64,849,013.58	£255,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan at 90	229,500
Fixed (Silver)	\$50,985,569.11	£325,000 Other Sterling Securities, written down to	286,000
Deposits (Gold £5,267,426 8s. 11d. =)	56,502,384.54		£1,000,000 \$10,000,000.00
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers, Call Loans and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments)	17,358,365.60	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits	\$104,214,416.69
Profit and Loss Account	3,711,062.18	Bills Receivable	126,906,177.69
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £4,579,869 2s. 9d., of which £3,068,082 16s. 8d. have since run off.		Bank Premises	1,038,489.62
	\$313,950,366.80		\$313,950,366.80

GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1905.

Dr.		Cr.
To amounts written off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1904
Remuneration to directors	\$15,000.00	Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending 30th June, 1905, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, deducting all Expenses and Interest paid and due
Dividend account:—		
£1 15s. per share on 80,000 shares = £140,000 at 4s. 6d.	622,222.22	2,217,653.43
Dividend adjustment account:—		
Difference in exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1/10s, the rate of the day	871,111.11	
Transfer to silver reserve fund	500,000.00	
Balance forward to next half-year	1,702,728.85	
	\$3,711,062.18	\$3,711,062.18

STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$10,000,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1904	\$10,000,000.00
	\$10,000,000.00	(Invested in Sterling Securities.)	
			\$10,000,000.00

SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$8,500,000.00	By Balance 31st December, 1904	\$8,000,000.00
	\$8,500,000.00	Transfer from Profit and Loss Account	500,000.00
			\$8,500,000.00

J. R. M. SMITH, Chief Manager.

C. W. MAY, Chief Accountant.

H. A. W. SLADE,
A. HAUPT,
E. SHELLIM, } Directors.

W. HUTTON POTTS,
A. G. WOOD, } Auditors.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers, and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 8th August, 1905.

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